The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 36 NO. 3 MARCH 1949

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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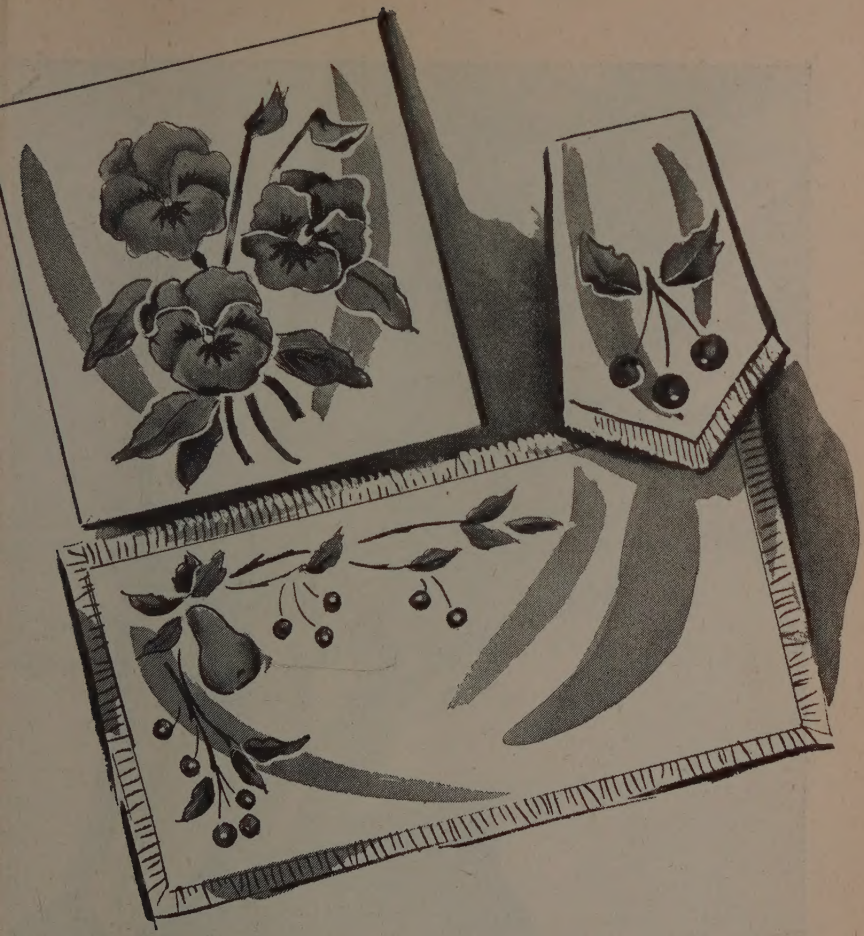

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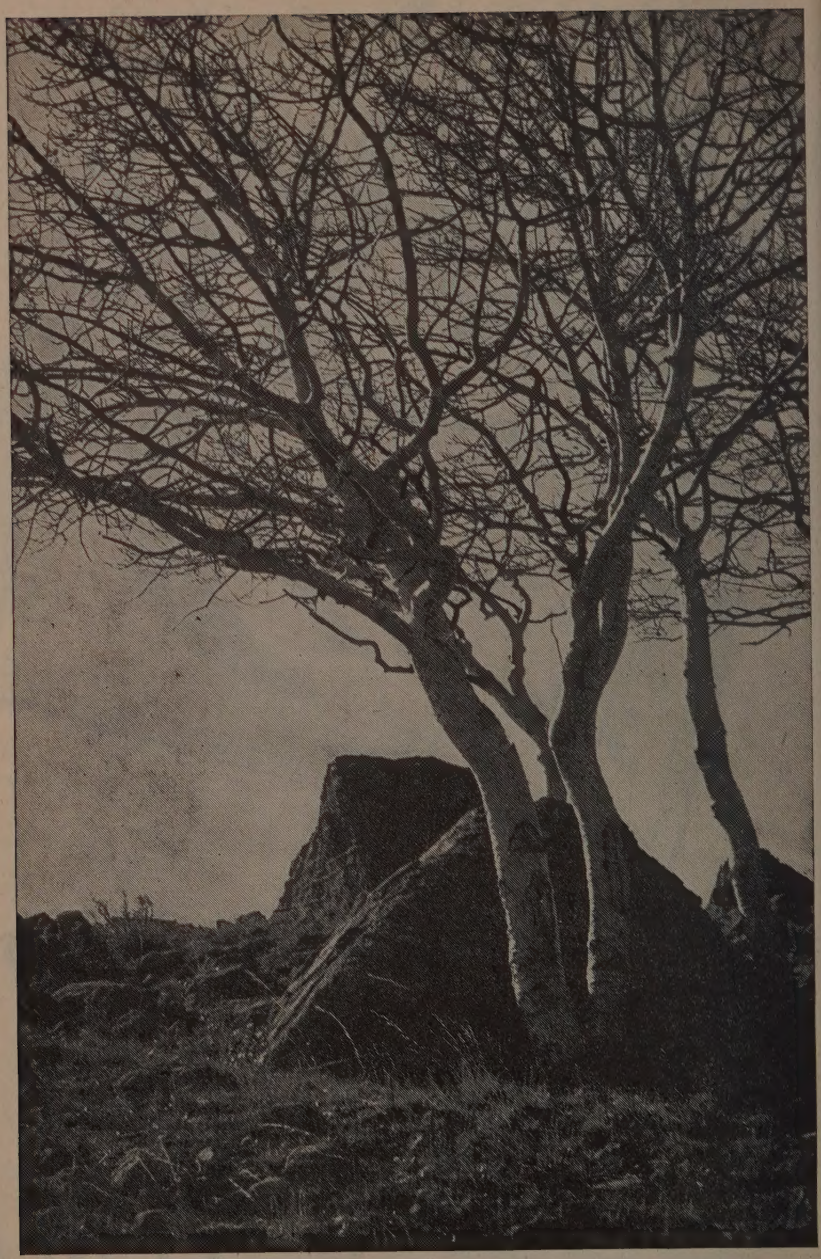


Willard Luce

HILLTOP ASPENS

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 36, NO. 3 MARCH 1949

I Have Seen Aspens

Alice Morrey Bailey

I have seen them brave the winds of March,
Lashed to the bouldered hill with rooted twine,
Or form a staunch but trembling, green-laced arch
To shield their foster nurslings, seedling pine.

And I have seen them gray along the banks
Of autumn creek-beds when the year was old,
With withered veins and death among their ranks,
Standing stark above their useless gold.

Today I saw the aspens, slim and still
As maidens, unaware of life, and nude,
Where winter edges spring upon the hill
In this brief interval of pristine mood.

And soon their black-eyed boles, with pearly sheen,
Will glow through misted veils of tender green.

The Cover: "Pinnacles," Photograph by Willard Luce.

The Spirit of the Gospel, the Soul of Relief Society

President Belle S. Spafford

General President of Relief Society

(Delivered at the afternoon session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, Thursday, September 30, 1948.)

MARCH 17, 1842 in the Lodge Room over the Joseph Smith store, the Phophet Joseph Smith uttered words of lasting import to Latter-day Saint women when he said: "I now declare this society organized, with president and counselors, according to parliamentary usages."

Addressing the eighteen women present on that memorable occasion, Elder John Taylor said that he "rejoiced to see this institution organized according to the law of heaven . . . and to see all things moving forward in such a glorious manner." He prayed that "the blessings of heaven might rest upon this institution henceforth."

Today, 106 years since Elder Taylor so spoke, tens of thousands of women rejoice that this society was organized. They see it moving forward in a glorious manner. Grateful for the heritage of the past, faithfully and devotedly meeting the assignments of the present, sagaciously planning and building for the future, they acknowledge that the blessings of heaven do indeed rest upon this society.

There is within this society a great life-giving element—a spirit which reaches out to women from the eastern shores to the western shores of our own great country, into Mexico and on south to the Latin lands of South America; it reaches into remote villages of Alaska and Canada; it extends into the continents of Europe and Asia, to South Africa and the islands of the sea, binding together women of all nationalities into a great sisterhood, unifying them in purpose and impelling them on to worthy accomplishment. This life-giving spirit is the spirit of the gospel; it is this which makes Relief Society different from other women's organizations the world over. It is this that gives to Relief Society its strength as well as its heart and soul.

The spirit of the gospel, operating in the lives of Relief Society women, causes them to reach out for immortal treasures, to be not satisfied with values of passing worth; it leads them into experiences that bring real and enduring joy; it subdues selfishness within them and crowds out the spirit of criticism and fault-finding; it dissipates fear and builds confidence; it engenders within them a recognition of and a respect for an inspired Church leadership and bids them to render obedience to that leadership—not a reluctant, obligatory obedience, but a free, voluntary obedience actuated by love; it lifts them above the mean and petty things in life into the realm of that which is of good report and

praiseworthy; it enables them to live useful, happy lives.

It was the spirit of the gospel operating in the life of Eliza R. Snow that caused her to travel the weary path across the plains bearing with her the sacred book of records —the first minutes of our beloved Relief Society, containing instructions from our inspired Prophet which for more than a century have guided the society. It was the spirit of the gospel within her that decreed that she should go from door to door canvassing for students, who, according to the records, must be "possessed of nerve, energy, and ambition" to attend a school of medicine and surgery "for the instruction of females" in order that the medical and health needs of an isolated pioneering community might be met.

IT was the spirit of the gospel alive in the heart of Zina D. H. Young that caused her to accept, without thought of dissenting, a mission to lead the Relief Societies of the Church in a new and untried venture—the production of silk "that the sisters might do all in their power to clothe themselves and their families, and that home industry might be promoted."

It was the spirit of the gospel active in the soul of Aunt Em that gave her the courage to lead the sisters in their strange mission of saving grain.

To say that these missions were accepted without feelings of trepidation would be to misrepresent truth. However, fear of failure was not its cause, for these sisters had faith in the inspired leadership of the Priesthood authorities who directed them, and a courage born of testimony. These feelings were but the result of an intelligent sensitiveness to the magnitude of their tasks and all that was involved in their fulfillment.

Aunt Em, when eighty-four years old, addressing the sisters in general conference on the grain-saving program, expressed her feelings in these words: "I felt very timid and I was just about trembling when I went to talk the matter over with President Wells." (President Wells was counselor to President Brigham Young.)

Praiseworthy success crowned the efforts of these sisters in their varied undertakings. Today, a symbol of this success, there rise toward the heavens great elevators filled with grain as a result of the gamering in the fields by the sisters, who sold Sunday eggs, and quilts, rag carpets, and other products of their hands to earn funds with which to buy grain; disposed to do it because the spirit of the gospel bade them accept their missions and render loving obedience to Church leadership.

This same spirit is active in the hearts of Relief Society women of this day. Only one year ago a Relief Society sister, president of a small branch of Mexican sisters, sat in this great Tabernacle and heard a plan proposed whereby the sisters of this day were to raise one-half million dollars for a Relief Society home. She, too, had feelings of trepidation because of the magnitude of the undertaking. But, strong in testimony, her response came: "I don't know how we can do it. But the First Presidency has authorized it. If they authorize it, it is right. If it is right, we can do it."

And do it they did. The response of this sister was typical of that of sisters all over the Church—sisters imbued with the spirit of the gospel.

Anxious hours have been my own lot in the planning and conduct of this great fund-raising program, but doubt has not been mine. Secure in the approval of the First Presidency, mindful of the support always given the sisters in their righteous undertakings by the Priesthood authorities, fully aware of the faithfulness and devotion of the sisters of this day, having a strong inner conviction that the undertaking was right, a deep-seated, calm assurance has been mine that success would ultimately attend our efforts. And the future will see a Relief Society home rise, a monument to the devotion of the sisters of this day—evidence that the spirit of the gospel has been with them.

The spirit of the gospel will always exist within this Society in direct ratio to the strength of the testimonies of the women who make up its membership. A knowledge of the gospel, obedience to its teachings, a willingness to keep the commandments of God on the part of Relief Society women are prerequisites to their well-being as individuals and to the well-being of Relief Society as an organization.

The Second Epistle of John, addressed to a woman, "unto the elect lady," may appropriately be addressed to Relief Society women today:

> Grace be with you, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, in truth and love . . . . And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another. And this is love, that we walk after his commandments. This is the commandment, That, as ye have heard from the beginning, ye should walk in it . . . . Look to yourselves, that we lose not those things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward (Second Epistle of John, verses 3, 5, 6, and 8).

In the gospel of St. John we read this message of the Master to his children:

> If ye love me, keep my commandments . . . . He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him . . . . If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him (John 14:15, 21, 23).

The Lord will come unto Relief Society; he will make his abode with us, and the blessings of heaven will rest upon our beloved society so that it will continue to move forward in a glorious manner if we who make up its membership will but love the Lord and keep his commandments. Our work will be accomplished with a glad heart and a cheerful countenance and we as individuals will receive the rewards of righteousness—even peace in this world and eternal life in the world to come.

I know that this gospel is true. This testimony sweeps over me at times with an almost startling reality. There is a Father to whom we may go in prayer and find comfort and sustenance, inspiration, and guidance. Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, chosen to bring to earth in this dispensation the gospel of Christ, the only plan by which we may live and gain exaltation in

(*Continued on page 209*)

Third Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Compromise

Mildred R. Stutz

MURIEL watched her daughter Connie walk up the path toward the front door. Her ooks were tucked under her arm, er saddle Oxfords scuffed the wet avement slightly. Her blonde head as stiffly erect and she gave no incation that she was aware of the rls walking down the sidewalk be- nd her. Muriel sighed and turned om the rain-drenched window. here was no sense in letting Con- e know that her lonesomeness was ot a secret.

The door opened and Connie me in. "Hello, Mother," she id, "mmmmm, something smells ood—baked ham?"

"Yes, orders from the boss. Is still raining?"

"Cats and dogs," Connie anvered. She tossed her books on chair and walked into the dining om with her mother. The table as set for twelve. Gleaming linen, ver, and crystal were accentuated a centerpiece of early spring flows. Muriel looked at the table th satisfaction. "Dinner party?" onnie asked.

"Yes, prospective customers. oads of money." Muriel felt a ab of uneasiness—almost like guilt. had been lingering inside her all y as she had gone about preparing r the dinner party.

"Don't look so worried, Mother

MILDRED R. STUTZ

dear," Connie said flippantly, "I promise not to drink out of my saucer. In fact, if you don't mind, I think I'll take in a movie. I don't relish spending an evening in a business conference."

Muriel smiled fondly at her daughter. She was glad she had made the suggestion. "Of course I don't mind, dear. These people wouldn't be interesting to you anyway." A wave of relief washed over Muriel, followed by the guilt again.

"If there isn't anything I can do to help you, I think I'll study for awhile."

"Go ahead, Connie. Mrs. Keller is here to help in the kitchen and do the serving. I don't think there's anything you can do."

Connie walked slowly up the stairs.

Watching her go, Muriel's heart ached for her. It wasn't right that a young girl should be so alone. Why couldn't she adjust to the new town? True, it held little resemblance to the town she had grown up in, but Connie was sixteen, and, surely, she was old enough to realize that nothing stayed the same forever.

Lakeside had been such a peaceful, quiet, little place. Looking back on it now, it seemed almost dull. Everybody knew everybody else. They went to Church on Sunday, did their laundry on Monday, and chatted over the back fence as they hung the clothes to dry. They visited in the grocery store and compared price lists and grocery bills.

Scottsville was different. There was so much to be done. The big old house had been completely redecorated. John's office had changed from empty storerooms to an attractive suite. His business was building up fast and they were meeting all the right people.

IN her room, Connie stared moodily at the rain sliding down the window pane. There was really no reason why she should study tonight. She was already far ahead of the rest of the class. She made a few doodles on the flyleaf of her notebook, walked to the window, back to the dressing table, and finally back to her books. She might as well study, there was nothing else to do.

Muriel moved from kitchen to dining room, giving efficient instructions to Mrs. Keller and attending to details that required her skilled touch. It was going to be a lovely party. The guests were, for the most part, strangers to her. They were people who had great influence both socially and financially. They could mean a lot to the business. Muriel had been to enough dinner parties in Scottsville to know how vastly they differed from the parties at Lakeside. They had a sophistication about them that did not come easily for Muriel.

She had been born in a religious family and had grown up in a religious town. The moral values taught her from childhood had never been questioned, and she had passed the same teachings on to her daughter.

It was John who had first felt the bonds of their provincialism. In his business he came in contact with many people. They were people more worldly and less hampered with moral laws than he was used to dealing with; but they had money and influence, and John's business needed both.

Muriel opened the refrigerator and tried to ignore the unfamiliar bottles inside. She shifted them about and was irked that the guilty feeling still persisted. She turned to see Connie coming in the door. She was angry with herself for quickly closing the door, so she busied herself about the kitchen to conceal her annoyance.

"How about a handout, Mother, I'm starved?" Connie sliced some bread and buttered it. She pulled some leaves from some lettuce, folded them between the bread, and

viewed the sandwich appraisingly. "Some mayonnaise and a pickle, and I'll have a piece of art," she laughed.

Muriel felt a strange prickling on the back of her neck as she saw her daughter cross the room and open the refrigerator door. Connie gave a low whistle and exclaimed, puzzled, "For Pete sake, what's this? A brewery?"

Muriel tried to sound nonchalant. "People around here are different than they were at Lakeside. They don't have the same—ideologies."

"Yes," said Connie, her brown eyes troubled. "I've noticed a difference among the kids at school. They don't act the way I do."

Muriel hurried on, uncomfortable, "The contacts your father makes here tonight are very important. These people can mean a lot to the business. We've got to make them like us—we've got to go halfway." Muriel knew her explanation sounded weak. The thought occurred to her that she was explaining to herself as much as to Connie. She wondered if the explanation was as unsatisfactory.

CONNIE ate her snack in silence, and Muriel, unable to feel at ease, excused herself to go dress. It was nearly time for the first picture at the Embassy, so Connie took her raincoat and umbrella from the hall closet and, calling a quick goodbye to her mother, stepped out into the early spring evening.

Raindrops splashed in the puddles along the sidewalk, making the reflected street lights dance crazily. The steady drumming of the rain on her umbrella was comforting to Connie—comforting and yet a lonesome sound. She walked slowly, counting the squares in the sidewalk, watching people move about behind lightly curtained windows. A very noisy jalopy clattered down the street. Connie recognized a number of students she had seen about the campus.

The movie was dull. Connie sat through one feature and then, because it was still too early to go home, stayed for a cartoon and newsreel. It was still raining as she left the theater and hurried down the sidewalk toward the drugstore.

She was about to enter when a girl's voice called, "Hey, Connie, come here."

Turning slowly, she saw the old battered jalopy parked at the curb. She hesitated a moment and then approached the car. She didn't know the girl who called to her, but it was nice having someone know her name.

"Climb in, Connie, we'll take you home." The driver of the car was a large, dark fellow Connie had seen at school. He had always seemed friendly even though he appeared somewhat older than most of the students.

"No, thanks, I think I'll walk—it isn't far."

"Aw, come on, Connie," someone said, "there's plenty of room."

The car door opened and Connie saw five or six boys and girls inside. Some of them looked familiar, others were strangers, but they were all laughing and joking and urging her to join them. It was warm inside and the rain danced merrily against the tin top, and everyone seemed to be having fun.

Connie smiled uncertainly, "All right," she said and stepped inside.

There was a faint odor of tobacco

smoke and some unfamiliar smell she couldn't identify. In the back seat the boys and girls shifted about to make room for her. She felt herself pulled down onto someone's lap, and arms held her firmly. The car jerked to a start.

THEY careened down the wet streets and stopped in front of Connie's home. The lights were burning brightly and strange cars were parked in the driveway.

"You don't have to go in yet do you, Connie?" they kept asking, "it's only a little after ten-thirty."

"I'm supposed to be in before eleven," she said.

"Won't your old man let you stay out later than that?"

Connie tried to be as gay as they were, "Oh, I'd better check in," she said.

"Look, Connie, why don't we all drive out to Traveler's Inn and have a snack or something. We'll bring you right back and you'll be in before midnight easy."

They were all coaxing. They acted like they really wanted her to go.

"Traveler's Inn," she asked, "where's that?"

There was a slight pause. "Oh, it's a little place just outside the city limits—not very far."

Someone giggled and the arm around Connie tightened slightly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said, "I'll run in and tell Mother and Dad where I'm going, and if they say it's all right, I'll be back."

She ran lightly up the walk. It was fun having friends again. The uneasiness she had felt when she first entered the car was slipping away, and now the invitation to Traveler's Inn, whatever that was, sounded full of fun and excitement. If only the folks would let her go. Of course, it was late and she hardly knew the crowd she was going with, but—well—maybe they'd let her go.

She followed the sound of voices down the hall to the living room. Through the glass-paneled doors she could see her parents and their guests. They were seated comfortably about the room. Connie could tell that her father was making what he called the "right contacts." Her mother was serving a drink of some kind to a big, bloated man who lolled awkwardly against the mantle. The room was clouded with smoke.

Connie turned slowly and stood in the shadows of the hall. For a

(*Continued on page 213*)

Mildred R. Stutz, Ephraim, Utah, a comparatively new writer, tells us that she is twenty-eight years old, "and the mother of four little boys: Kent, Craig, Tommy, and Lanny. My husband, Howard C. Stutz, is professor of biology at Snow Junior College. We are members of the Ephraim South Ward, active in Mutual, Sunday School, and other Church and civic auxiliaries. Because of my family of small children, I am unable to be an active member of Relief Society, but I enjoy the *Magazine* and the visiting teachers.

"I have had one poem published in *The Relief Society Magazine*. Throughout my school years I won several contests, the most important being the Edward W. Bentley Short Story Contest at Brigham Young University. I enjoy writing, but, like most mothers, find it necessary to sandwich my hobby between household tasks."

Relief Society Building News

THE names of the following branches in missions have not previously been published in *The Relief Society Magazine* as having completed their Building Fund quotas:

Besancon Branch, French Mission
Bruxelles Branch, French Mission
Charleroi Branch, French Mission
Eua Branch, Tongan Mission
Fatai Branch, Tongan Mission
Fahefa Branch, Tongan Mission
Faleloa Branch, Tongan Mission
Feletoa Branch, Tongan Mission
Fotua Branch, Tongan Mission
Foui Branch, Tongan Mission
Fua'omotu Branch, Tongan Mission
Geneva Branch, French Mission
Ha'akame Branch, Tongan Mission
Ha'alaufuli Branch, Tongan Mission
Ha'ateiho Branch, Tongan Mission
Halaloto Branch, Tongan Mission
Herstal Branch, French Mission
Houma Branch, Tongan Mission
Koloa Branch, Tongan Mission
Kolonga Branch, Tongan Mission
La Chaux de Fonds Branch, French Mission
Lausanne Branch, French Mission
Liahona Branch, Tongan Mission
Liege Branch, French Mission
Loto Ha'apai Branch, Tongan Mission
Makeke Branch, Tongan Mission
Malapo Branch, Tongan Mission
Matahau Branch, Tongan Mission
Mu'a Branch, Tongan Mission
Nakolo Branch, Tongan Mission
Naku'alofa Branch, Tongan Mission
Neiafu Branch, Tongan Mission
Nagaunoho Branch, Tongan Mission
Neuchatel Branch, French Mission
Nukunuku Branch, Tongan Mission
Otea Branch, Tongan Mission
Pangai Branch, Tongan Mission
Ramah Branch, South African Mission
Seraing Branch, French Mission
Strasbourg Branch, French Mission
Tokomololo Branch, Tongan Mission
Tuanekivale Branch, Tongan Mission
Tuanuku Branch, Tongan Mission
Uiha Branch, Tongan Mission
Vaini Branch, Tongan Mission
Verviers Branch, French Mission

The Song of the Lark

Ivy Williams Stone

IT was not there! I looked carefully around gallery 32 of the Chicago Art Institute, then consulted the catalog I had purchased on my last visit, two years earlier. It should have been there, it was so listed, "Breton's 'Song of the Lark' in gallery 32, Modern French Artists." But there was no painting of a peasant girl, with sickle, bare feet, and snooded hair.

I approached a guard, pacing slowly from room to room. That his occupation was *just a job* was evident in his attitude. He was bored with his inactivity, irked at the often inane questions of tourists.

"I do not find Breton's 'Song of the Lark,'" I said. "Has it been moved to some other gallery?"

The guard did not slacken his measured steps, nor unfold his arms, nor even look at me.

"It's out on loan tour," he answered over his shoulder, as he walked toward another room.

Out on loan tour. Those four words cut into my consciousness like a whip. It couldn't be. I had brought our two children from Utah to Chicago to give them fine cultural contacts. To me this picture was the epitome of artistic achievement. We would go to New York. They would see Bonheur's "Horse Fair"; "The Hand of God," by Rodin; and Cleopatra's Needle. Crowds, elevated trains, subways, Wall Street, Ellis Island—all would provide new vistas for impressionable youth. But I wanted my son and daughter to see "The Song of the Lark." Some critics maintain the girl's smile is more inspiring than the famed one of Mona Lisa.

"Oh!" I cried out. In my disappointment I was the outspoken westerner.

But there was no one to share my disappointment, for I had come alone to locate the best exhibits, while the children watched some tennis matches.

"Oh!" I repeated. "Why, I brought two children fifteen hundred miles to see that picture!"

I spoke to the disappearing back of the bored guard. He was methodically pacing into the next room. Pictures were just pictures to him. My quandary was not his concern.

I stood baffled, staring at the spot where the picture should have been. What should I tell the children? Their interest was spurred and fed by my enthusiasm. Only too well I knew they would find other diversions. My daughter wanted to attend a shoe sale at Marshall Fields; my son hoped to see a sparring match between a jewfish and a shark in the Shedd Aquarium.

A gentle voice at my elbow brought me back to reality.

"Pardon me, Madam." The low, modulated voice was like the first trickling from thawing spring snows back home. "I heard what you said to the guard. The picture is not loaned. It is in retirement. You see, the Institute owns so many thousands of famous canvases, we

Courtesy, Art Institute of Chicago

THE SONG OF THE LARK
From a Painting by Jules Adolphe Breton

have to rotate them. But fifteen hundred miles is a long distance, and your children must not be disappointed. I shall personally conduct them to the storage gallery. Shall we say, tomorrow, at ten?"

I looked into the smiling face of a man so delicately molded, it seemed he had stepped down from one of the decorative pieces of priceless china. His thin, transparent hands, his small figure, his disarming smile, all bespoke the connoisseur.

Back in the hotel, I schooled the children all evening, so they would be appreciative of this unusual service. I borrowed a book on French art from the hotel library; we studied a good reproduction of the original we were about to see; learned the highlights of Breton's career.

"The shoe sale will be over by the time we can get there," protested my daughter. "I did so want a pair of those open-toed, patent leather, French heels. There isn't a store in our State that carries the style I want. What's an old picture, anyway?"

Promptly at ten the next morning we reported to the little man at his desk in gallery 32. His hands seemed more transparent when grasped by my towering son.

We went along hallways, where uniformed guards touched their caps, as they unlocked gates for us. The little man explained everything. The Institute buildings were fireproof, burglarproof, even earthquake-proof. Down elevators, along more hallways. Always the guards touched their caps, always locked gates were opened to us. Finally we came to the aisle marked "French: 19th century."

At a signal from our guide, a guard unlocked the final gate, and we were ushered into an air-cooled, tomblike room, lined with rows upon rows of portable racks.

"Breton," spoke our guide, and a button was pushed. A rack rolled out. Another button, and the large canvas of "The Song of the Lark" stood out alone. It was illumined. I was suddenly happy, for both children were awed.

There stood the peasant girl, with her coarse garments, her huge, hardened bare feet; the strength of her sickle hand plainly revealed. The lark was soaring from its nesting place in the brown furrow; with a song on her own lips, the girl watched its ascent. Health was evident in every line of her body, as though born of the green meadow and the brown earth of the field. The sun, just rising over the distant treetops, illumined her face. From her snooded hair to her feet she revealed contentment and peace. The green meadow, the freshly plowed furrows, the azure sky, all climaxed her inexplicable smile.

THE children studied the picture and listened to a half-hour discourse on the works of Breton, artist and poet. As they studied the picture, I studied its effect upon them. My faith was vindicated. The delicate voice of our guide recited some of Breton's poetry. Born a French peasant, Breton had lived in the deep poverty of the downtrodden poor. He had experienced the revolution of 1848. He excelled in depicting the despair of the country folk. A painter of rustic life, a

man of the poor. The peasants of his day were fortunate to have sabots for Sunday wear. The school children of Chicago had voted this picture the most popular in the entire Institute.

As we retraced our course, gates were locked behind us. Up elevators, along steel-barred halls, and finally out into the light of the galleries, we went. My son's demonstration of courtesy, his speech of thanks to our kindly guide, gave me added joy in being his mother.

My adolescent daughter had a dreamy, faraway expression in her eyes. She looked at her trimly shod feet and whispered to me: "All she ever had were wooden clogs."

Our guide gave me his card, shook hands all around, and quickly left us.

We sauntered through gallery after gallery. The children, rather than I, wanted to see more. The guard was doing his paces from room to room. His arms were folded, his face bored.

As we stood on the front steps of the Institute, flanked by the guarding lions, I glanced at my watch.

"We still have time to get to Marshall Fields," I said to my daughter. "Perhaps you can yet find what you want in shoes. And I feel sure the Shedd Aquarium will be open this afternoon."

She glanced at her sensible, durable, walking oxfords. "These are good enough," she smiled. "I guess French heels would be hard to walk in."

"What's a couple of sparring fish?" countered my son. "Heigh," he queried, "who was that little man, anyway? What's his name?"

I held the card in my palm, and all three of us looked at the printing. Our guide had been an assistant curator of the Chicago Art Institute.

Threads of Destiny

Elizabeth Terry Blair

We weave the threads of destiny;
The warp is all our own;
No matter what the filling is,
We reap what we have sown.

We thread the shuttle day by day,
Regardless of the cost;
Sometimes we gain a rich reward,
Again a soul is lost.

Then let us weave the best we can,
Whatever we may do,
A fabric fit for God and man,
A fabric firm and true.

The House of Leaves

Blanche Sutherland

MARK Ballard turned the steering wheel with a lean hand and the car jolted up onto the highway and stopped. Anne Henderson shifted a trifle in her seat and he smiled down into her clear, gray eyes.

"Remind me to put in a driveway without that bump," he said, and Anne laughed.

Mark eyed her small face, the wistful mouth, and there was hunger in his eyes. Annie, Annie, he thought, will it really come true this time—our marriage—or . . . .

As if sensing his thought, Anne held up her lips and he bent his dark head to kiss her. She moved against his shoulder. "Oh, Mark, I can't wait. Our very own house. If only it would be finished and we could move in right after we're married."

Mark grinned. "One month? That would take some doing."

Both turned as with one accord and looked back. "Can't you almost see the wide window and how it will bring that whole view right into the living room?" Mark gestured toward a line of blue hills against whose background maples and red oaks flamed in autumn colors. "Or," he eyed her in mock anxiety, "are you going to be the kind of wife who hangs drapes all over windows?"

Anne shook her head, smiling. "Not that window at any rate." She gave a little sigh and relaxed in the seat beside him. "It's almost real, isn't it?" she asked, pointing to where careful lines of brown and red leaves had been raked to form the outlines of a house plan.

She laughed suddenly and tossed the hair from her eyes, pulling her green coat around her. "Mother and Dad would think us a little goofy if they'd seen us building a house out of leaves as children do."

Mark held himself in check, straightening the slight stoop that had lately come to his shoulders. By long practice he had been able to achieve a satisfactory demeanor when Anne's parents were mentioned. But how could he think of them as anything but enemies to their marriage?

"We'll build our house of wood, mortar, and bricks, my sweet, like the wise little pig," he said, "and no big, bad wolf can huff and puff it down, as children say. But seriously, Anne, I'm telling Anderson tomorrow that we'll take this lot. And then I'll get Barnhoff at the plans."

He flicked on the switch and stepped on the starter.

Anne turned to look back again. "It *will* be just like the leaf-house, won't it?" she asked anxiously. "You remember how it's to be?"

"Every last detail, from the big window and the view to the service porch and the clothes reel," he laughed. He took his hat from the seat back, tilting it confidently over his short, black hair. "Now let's go back."

THEY rode in the silence of long friendship, back through the streets of Hanford where they'd both been reared. A haze of blue, born

of many bonfires, hung over the streets. He breathed deeply of the spicy fragrance, remembering so many autumns.

Five years, he thought, and silently cursed himself that they had not married before, regardless. He turned and looked at Anne, seeing as if for the first time the wide, gray eyes almost too large for her small face, the auburn hair curled around her ears but smoothed into a page boy at the back of her neck, the tiny mole on her chin.

Anne, sweet, he thought, remembering how he'd wanted her every hour of the five years. Maybe this time, there'd be not one thing to stand in the way. Not her father and mother, not Josie.

"Did you ever wonder, Anne, what it would have been like if we'd married when we first planned?" he asked suddenly.

Anne shook her head. "Who knows? Anyway, we couldn't have. Mother and Dad wouldn't hear of it. I was only nineteen."

"And now you're twenty-four and I'm twenty-seven. We'd have had all these years of being married, Anne."

Anne turned a distressed face toward him. "I know, Mark."

"Of course, the first two years, I had to get the drugstore on a paying basis again after Dad died," he said. "It would have made hard sledding if we'd been married then, I realize."

"Then Dad broke his leg," Anne said, "and it wouldn't heal. And Mother got sick worrying about it. That was the third year."

"Yes," Mark agreed slowly, and his mouth went dry remembering how pinched and white Anne had looked before her mother was up and about again. "Then, after that, Anne, Josie got married and your folks thought they couldn't lose both of you at once . . . ."

"But we did begin to plan then, Mark," she interrupted hurriedly. "We were going to live in the flat over the store. We would have, too, if the folks hadn't decided to take that trip West."

"Yes, I know," Mark said. He wanted to add, "And you had to go as chauffeur on account of your father's lame foot. And that was the fourth year." But he didn't say it. It would sound bitter, he decided. It was all past, anyway, unless something new arose. For Anne had promised.

He straightened suddenly and stopped for the red light, turning his eyes to follow a sudden gesture from Anne.

"Look, Mark. In that car. It's Ellen Carson — er — Barclay, I mean," she corrected. "I can't get used to Ellen and John being married."

Mark shrugged. "Neither can Ellen and John, I'll wager. How many years do you suppose it was that they were going steady?"

Anne shook her head. "Years and years."

"I was just a kid, I know," Mark said thoughtfully. He started the car at the green light. "I remember we used to play jokes on them, tacking 'Just Married' signs on John's old Model T. Once we gave them a charivari. I don't like to remember John's face even to this day."

Anne frowned. "Boys can be so mean."

"And girls," Mark added. "Ellen was such a pretty girl, and some of the others didn't spare her feelings

much." He swerved the car to avoid an oncoming one. "And John—we called him Jack then—was the best pitcher Hanford ever had. That must have been twenty years ago, at the least."

"You have a good memory."

"No. Jack had all of us kids organized into competing teams. I was seven or eight years old and he taught me that slow curve of his. The one that made him famous." Mark smiled reminiscently. "We had some great teams, I tell you, for just kids."

He turned the car into Maple Street. "You know how boys will idolize a young fellow like that. I remember I decided I was going to be just like Jack when I grew up." He broke off. "Funny what life does to people, huh?"

"No, not funny," she answered soberly, brushing at bits of leaves on her skirt. She turned quickly toward him. "We *will* be married this time, Mark. We *will* be."

Mark's smile moved over her face lovingly. "Next month, sweet. And we'll tell your Dad and Mother for sure, as soon as we get you home?"

Anne's gray eyes flinched from his for a second, then she put her face against his shoulder. "The very minute," she said, with a show of courage in her voice and face.

WHEN Mark pulled his car to a stop under the huge maples that guarded the big old house where the Hendersons lived, Josie's car was the first thing that met their eyes.

"Oh," Anne said faintly, "oh!"

Mark frowned at her worriedly. "You're not going to let your sister scare you out of telling, are you?"

Anne straightened decisively. "No, I'm not." She climbed out of the car and went up the walk, her green coat making a splash of color against the maples. She smiled back at him reassuringly, but her lips held a tremble in their softness.

Before they reached the porch, they could hear Josie's high, light voice, her laughter. "Feature that!" she was saying as Mark and Anne came in. "Two of them, a boy and a girl! Can you imagine?"

Josie, a small, determined, blonde woman of about thirty, was sitting on the arm of the old-fashioned settee. She turned laughingly toward them. "I suppose you've heard the news. I was just telling Dad and Mother."

Anne motioned Mark to a chair, then went to hang up her coat. She stopped beside her mother's rocking chair to pat her shoulder, smiling down at the spare, helpless-looking woman. She picked up her father's cane and replaced it in reach of his hand, then turned to Josie. "What news?" she asked.

Josie's face registered exasperation. "I declare, Anne, sometimes I think you're only half alive. Ellen and John Barclay have adopted two children! Two, mind you. A three-year-old boy and a two-months-old baby girl. Can you tie that?"

"Well, that's fine," Anne replied. "I'm glad. Ellen loves children."

Mark spoke up. "Good old Jack. Now he'll have a boy of his own to teach that famous slow curve."

Mrs. Henderson shook her head. "Adopting is a terrible responsibility," she said hopelessly. "When they're your own, you have to do the best you can by them. But some

one else's! I don't see how they dared."

She shook her head again and took up a roll of knitting from her lap and inspected it. "Annie, I've dropped a stitch." She held it out. "It's a sweater for the baby. Josie wants me to finish it."

Anne gathered it up, pulled back the needle until she could pick up the stitch, then slipped the others back on. "Here you are, Mother," she said. "Where did they get the children from, Josie?"

"The Home." Josie rolled her eyes. "They must have gone and applied right away after they were married. It usually takes months and months. And I hear they almost got a refusal at that, they're so old."

Dad Henderson spoke up. "Hope they use more sense in raising them than the young folks do nowadays. Running loose like wildcats at all hours, and with no respect for their elders, either."

"Ellen was a good girl and a good daughter," Mother Henderson said, knitting away. "She'll do right by them just like she did with her parents. John Barclay was dead set on him and Ellen getting married. He'd even promised they could move in with her father and mother but Ellen knew it wouldn't do. Not with that pair." She shook her head wisely. "Two families in one house, you know. And if there're young ones! Tsk—tsk!"

MARK looked at Anne. She was sitting quietly in a chair by the window. The late afternoon sunshine through the small panes of glass highlighted her hair to burnished copper. They couldn't have found a worse time to tell of their wedding, he thought morosely. The atmosphere was the same as ever, sapping Anne's resolution. He sat rigid, watching her wordlessly.

She must have felt his eyes upon her for she spoke up suddenly. "Mark and I were looking at a building site this afternoon. We're to be married next month, the twentieth."

The effect of her announcement was comparable to the sudden stillness that follows a clap of thunder. No one spoke. Then, out of the bottomless silence, Josie's words came like a whiplash of lightning.

"You intend to move out and leave Dad and Mother alone?" she asked. "You, all they have left?"

"We would be quite near," Anne said through white lips. "In that new subdivision over by Oak Grove. And until the house is built, we've rented an apartment only a block away—the Davis Flats."

Josie's face was scarlet with anger. "You know it's always been understood that you were to stay with Dad and Mother. You know that," she expostulated. "You and I are all that are left here. I have my family. I can't take care of them."

Mother Henderson dropped her knitting and began fumbling for a handkerchief. Dad's face was taking on that look of resigned patience that Mark knew was the hardest of all for Anne to bear.

"Couldn't expect her to stay with us, Mother," he said. "We babied her too long, I guess. A town wouldn't have two like Ellen, staying on till she got the old folks buried. No, that'd be unreasonable, I suppose."

Anne's eyes, sick, forlorn, and bewildered, flew to Mark's. Mark had

(*Continued on page 210*)

A Young Mother Discovers Relief Society

Margaret F. Richards

President, Stadium Village Branch Relief Society, Emigration Stake

(Address delivered at the morning session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 29, 1948.)

MY dear sisters, it is indeed a thrilling and an inspiring thing for me to meet with you this morning, to see you sisters from all over America gathered together. I believe that I have never felt more humble, more dependent upon the Lord, and I pray that he may help me to find the words to tell you what is in my heart this morning.

Had anyone questioned my feelings about the Relief Society a little over a year ago, I would have told him that I had a great deal of respect for the organization and for the women who comprise its membership. I might have mentioned that my mother and my grandmother and my husband's mother had been active workers in the organization for as long as I could remember, and I would have said that someday when my children were grown I, too, intended to become a member of Relief Society. Then I was asked to help with Relief Society work in our newly organized branch, and now I wish that I could convert every young mother in the Church to membership and participation in this God-inspired work, for I believe that there is no organization in the world, be it civic, social, religious, educational, in which a young mother can find the opportunities and the advantages which the Relief Society affords.

The cultural and educational and social opportunities afforded by the lessons and activities are of inestimable value to the young mother, for we are taught skills and given ideas helpful in rearing our children, keeping our families properly clothed and fed, and making our homes comfortable and beautiful. We are introduced to the finest in music and literature and are encouraged to cultivate refinement and culture in our homes. We are given opportunities and responsibilities for leadership which contribute immeasurably to our personal growth and development, and we associate with women whose sweetness of spirit and purity of lives and devotion to duty inspire love and friendship which is unequaled in any fraternal organization that I know of. These opportunities within themselves justify membership in the Relief Society and yet there are other values which to me are of even greater worth.

One of the presidents of our Church has said that the only reason for the existence of an auxiliary organization is the obtaining and building of a testimony of the gospel and the Messiahship of Jesus. I cannot remember a time in my own life when I have not believed with all my heart that this gospel was

true and I am so grateful to my parents and my teachers for this testimony. Today I can stand before you, my dear sisters, and say that I know this gospel is true and that this organization is founded on principles the practice of which will lead every woman who earnestly and prayerfully and humbly seeks for such knowledge to a personal testimony of the gospel. In my opinion, such a testimony can do more to promote personal happiness than anything else in the world. I sincerely believe that it is important, not only to the living of one's own life, but to the successful fulfillment of woman's greatest role of wife and mother.

I came to the Relief Society, my dear sisters, after three unsettled years of army life. These were not unhappy years because wherever we went we carried with us our faith in God and our desire to keep his commandments. Yet, although we never doubted the gospel, we could not help catching the feeling of unrest and anxiety for the future that was so prevalent among our associates, and although we always believed very deeply that the gospel was true, we were worried about our future. As our knowledge of the gospel has increased and as our testimonies have been so strengthened, we have come to understand the meaning of the "peace of Christ which passeth understanding." We have found that faith and hope leave no room for doubt and fear, and we know that although we cannot insure a world of peace for our children, if we can just teach them to love the Lord and to desire to obey his commandments they will have an inner security which all of the gold could not buy.

THERE is another joy which comes to those who work in the Relief Society, a joy which only those who have tasted it can know and that is the sweetness of service. How better could we do this, my dear sisters, than by engaging in this great work which is devoted to feeding and clothing the hungry and needy, bringing help to the sick and comfort to those who mourn?

I believe that if we could just fulfill the true objectives of this organization we could find no task which would be more Christlike; I believe we could find no greater recompense for services rendered, for God himself is waiting to reward us with the joys of heaven, not in some far-distant reaches of eternity, but here on earth, if we will but grasp this opportunity to serve him.

My Relief Society membership has helped me, also, to one of the most glorious realizations in my life. Nothing has brought me greater joy than the awareness that I am living the fullness of existence by being a mother. To me motherhood is the highest and holiest service that women can render. No calling could be more glorious than that of nurturing in mind and body and spirit these most precious of God's gifts to us, his children. The cognizance that I have some responsibility for the glorification or the spiritual destruction of my husband and children invokes a sacred dedication to God to live to the best of my ability according to his teachings, and a prayer that he will bless me with the strength and love, the wisdom and understanding, that will enable me to fill to the fullest measure this sacred calling which is mine.

Hawaii and the Latter-day Saints

Rosannah Cannon Irvine

Former Member, Relief Society General Board

JESUS said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15). Inspired by that sacred injunction, missionaries were sent to carry the "glad tidings" to the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Ten young men, who were working in the gold mines of California at the time, were chosen. They were not miners for personal gain, but for the benefit of their impoverished Church. They were called and set apart by Apostle Charles C. Rich, who was authorized to do so by President Brigham Young. The names of these men are worthy of note: Hiram Clark, president of the group; Thomas Whittle, Henry W. Bigler, James Keeler, John Dixon, Thomas Morris, William Farrer, James Hawkins, Hiram Blackwell, and George Q. Cannon.

December 12, 1850, after a four weeks' tortured and terrifying sea voyage, these missionaries arrived in Honolulu, friendless, homeless, sick, half-starved, and totally exhausted. The sight of the beautiful city and the thanks to their Heavenly Father for at last finding themselves on dry land, made them forget, to some degree, their physical suffering and mental distress. Their first act was characteristic of the pioneer spirit of our early Church members. They climbed a nearby mountain and built an altar where they knelt in prayer, giving grateful thanks for their safe deliverance.

There is an old adage that, "The saddest fortune may be turned to beauty by patience and faith." With these men it must have taken superhuman faith and patience to carry on.

In beginning their work, these elders, being unable to understand the natives, their language, or customs, devoted their attention to the white people. They soon discovered, however, that the "haole" (white people) were stubbornly hidebound in their own particular religious sects. Protestant missionaries had begun their work there many years before the Latter-day Saint mission was opened and most of those people and their ministers were bitterly antagonistic to our Church. Making no progress with them, half of our delegation became discouraged and left, some for home and some for what they thought might be more fertile fields of labor. Among this last number was President Clark, who before he left, however, baptized a sixteen-year-old boy, the first Hawaiian to become a member of the Church. Those who remained where they had been called to labor were James Keeler, Henry Bigler, James Hawkins, William Farrer, and George Q. Cannon.

George Q. Cannon felt strongly that they should remain among the people to whom they had been sent, and yet his mind was in a turmoil. Being obedient to authority was a vital and necessary principle of the Church, that he believed with his whole heart. And Hiram Clark was

his president, and although he did not insist, he wanted the elders to follow him. In his distress, Elder Cannon sought the Lord in prayer, as was his custom. The earnestness of his supplication brought him the definite assurance that he should remain in Hawaii. The four others agreed with him. They also had made it a matter of fasting and prayer.

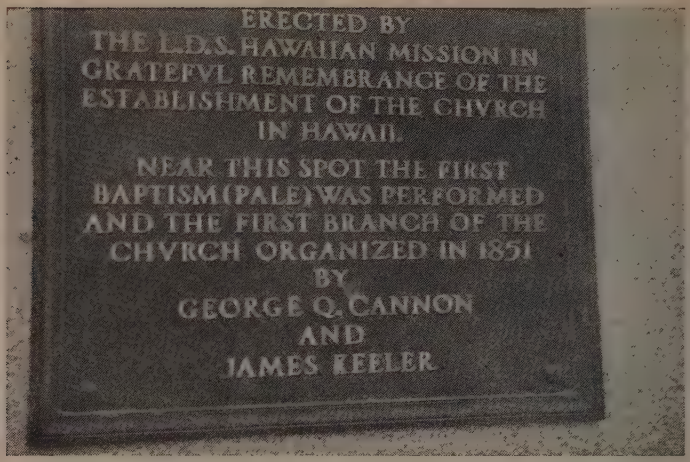
BECAUSE of his determination to do his duty as it had been revealed to him, Elder Cannon was given phenomenal courage and faith, and with it the gift of tongues, the power to understand and love the natives, and a magnetic spirit to attract their love and devotion to himself. Although he was the youngest of the group he soon became their leader, and remained so until the arrival of more elders from the States, with Philip B. Lewis as mission president.

These first missionaries, and those who succeeded them for many years afterwards, were real pioneers, and bore many hardships, but they were stalwart and faithful. Among the names of those early missionaries, was that of Joseph F. Smith, a mere boy of sixteen at the time, but with an integrity and faith unsurpassed in Latter-day Saint history. Joseph F. Smith performed four missions in Hawaii, and was dearly beloved by those people.

In 1860, a man named Walter M. Gibson, who had recently been baptized into the Church, went to Hawaii, representing himself as president of the mission. This was when the saints on the islands had been left temporarily to themselves. On account of the Johnston Army trouble, the Utah elders had been called home. Gibson's spirit and policies were so utterly different from the real missionaries that the faithful saints became suspicious

PULEHU CHAPEL AND MONUMENT

This chapel and monument have been erected on the sacred ground where the first Hawaiian branch of the Church was organized.



INSCRIPTION ON THE PULEHU MONUMENT

This inscription commemorates the organization of the first Hawaiian branch of the Church.

and sent word to President Young. The apostles Ezra T. Benson and Lorenzo Snow, with Elders Joseph F. Smith, William W. Cluff, and Alma L. Smith, were sent in 1864 to the islands to investigate. Their findings proved that the fears of the natives were well-founded. Conditions were so bad that it was necessary to excommunicate Elder Gibson. He had made many followers among those whose faith in the gospel was not strong.

While going from one island to another, the small boat in which Brother Snow and the other elders were traveling, was upset in a turbulent sea. Those who reached the shore safely discovered that Brother Snow was missing. He was finally found under the capsized boat. He was carried to the beach by his anxious companions who worked valiantly to restore life in him, although the doctor had pronounced him dead. For fifteen minutes he had not breathed. But his brethren still clung to hope and faith. Finally, their prayers and efforts were rewarded. To those who saw this miraculous transformation from death to life, it must have been a lasting testimony that it was truly the work of God which Lorenzo Snow had been spared to do.

WHEN their unpleasant task with Mr. Gibson was finished, Elders Snow and Benson returned to Utah, leaving Joseph F. Smith to preside over the mission. With the exception of Brother Snow's brief official work in Hawaii, Joseph F. Smith has been the only active Hawaiian missionary who became President of the Church.

It has been said that "A singing people is a good people." That is true of the Hawaiians. They are a singing, happy, pleasure-loving people. And their happiness is largely

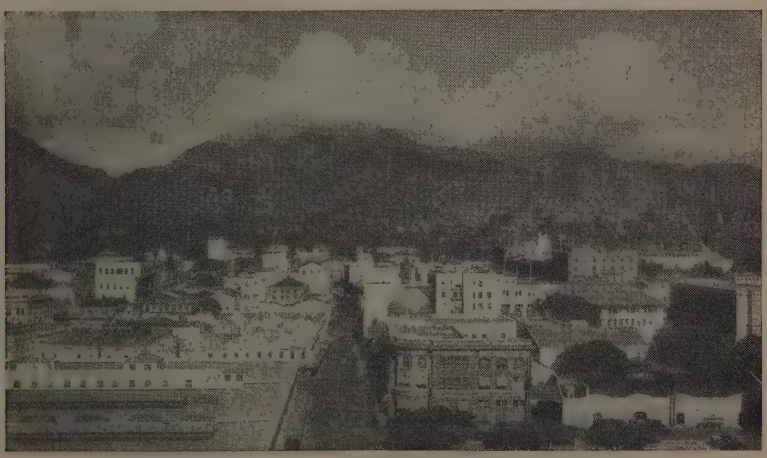
in giving joy and happiness to others.

A mutual feeling of interest and warm affection is characteristic of all missionaries and their converts. That is the spirit of the gospel. It seems to be particularly true of the Hawaiians and the messengers who brought them word of the everlasting gospel. These good people were apparently ready and waiting to receive the glad message. In eight months after the arrival of the first missionaries there were 220 converts; and before George Q. Cannon left, three and one half years later, there were 4,000. These figures are all the more astounding when one considers the tremendous handicaps under which the first group labored. They were pioneers, friendless, lacking in experience, ignorant of the language and habits of this foreign people, on an uncharted sea, so to speak. Those who followed them had half their battle won by having the way opened to them, friends to greet them on their arrival, and initiate them into their work, converts already made and waiting to greet their new Latter-day Saint friends.

In accepting the gospel, the people accepted the missionaries as well. They took them into their homes, waited on them, shared their meager supply of food, often denying themselves their portion to give to their visitors.

The popular native "poi" was very distasteful to the missionaries. In *My First Mission*, George Q. Cannon wrote:

> I tasted a teaspoonful of poi, but the smell of it and the calabash in which it was contained was so much like that of a book binder's old, sour paste that when I



THE CITY OF HONOLULU, HAWAII

This photograph, taken from Aloha Tower, shows, on the right, the famous "Punch Bowl," where, it is believed, the first Latter-day Saint missionaries went to have prayer and dedicate the land, soon after their arrival December 12, 1850. It was here that George Q. Cannon received instructions from the Lord, and was told to preach to the natives of Hawaii.

put it in my mouth I gagged . . . . But in travelling among the people I soon learned that if I did not eat poi I would put them to great inconvenience . . . and might interfere with my success. I therefore determined to live on their food. And that I might do so, I asked the Lord to make it sweet to me. The next time I tasted it I ate a bowlful. My prayer was answered. I positively liked it. It was sweeter to me than any food I had ever tasted.

IN order to have a gathering place for the saints, a large tract of land was purchased by the Church. President Young wrote to King Kamehameha explaining the reason for the project:

> They will go there as religious teachers; but while this in their calling, they will not confine their labors to spiritual matters only. According to the precepts of our religion, the spiritual and temporal are so intimately blended that we view no salvation, or system of salvation, as being complete which does not provide for the welfare and preservation of the body as well as the spirit.

For many years the saints labored on the plantations, but the results were somewhat disappointing. The fact that the missionaries in charge of the project were changed, as their missions ended, after about two years, added to the lack of success. Toward the end of the century, in 1885, the people were disheartened. A meeting was called to consider abandoning the project. President Joseph F. Smith was in the conference. He made a wonderful prophecy. He told the people that they should not despair. He promised them that beauty and fertility would result from their labors if they would be patient and faithful and diligent.

To overcome one difficulty, the short-term supervision was abolished. Brother Samuel E. Woolley was called as permanent manager of the plantation. That proved to be a great advantage. Under his wise leadership and supervision, the prophecy of President Smith was fulfilled. The place has become beautiful and has prospered surprisingly. Besides becoming a financial asset to the Church, it has provided work and a comfortable living for many members.

In 1900, on the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the mission, President George Q. Cannon again visited Hawaii. There were some members still living who had known him half a century before, and there were many others who had heard of his remarkable work. He was greeted with wonderful demonstrations of love and respect.

In the Hawaiian mission, the auxiliary organizations are in a favorable condition. The Relief Society, organized in 1875, is sustaining the ideals and standards of the original plan. Women in this endeavor have been as active and efficient as in every other phase of life. The Hawaiian sisters are to be commended for their exquisite needlework. Their lovely quilts, on which the work is perfect, are especially notable. For these, there is a constant market at excellent prices. Our Hawaiian sisters have adopted American ways in their homes, giving attention to sanitation, modern comfort and convenience.

Besides the hundreds of men missionaries, there have been from 1851 to 1941, two hundred twenty-six sisters from the mainland who have gone as missionaries to the islands. Thus is the mighty work of the Lord carried on by his faithful people.

Clean-up and Beautification Program

James M. Kirkham

Secretary, Church Beautification Committee

EVERY ward and branch of the Latter-day Saint Church will be asked to take part this year in a clean-up and beautification program.

The plan will include all chapels, buildings, grounds, and any vacant property the Church may own. The program will be so planned that it will encourage all members to beautify their homes and surroundings.

A letter has been sent out by the Presiding Bishopric suggesting that the building supervisor in each stake, working under the direction of the stake presidency, will have charge of and direct the campaign in his respective stake.

Ward bishoprics and branch presidencies will organize and call to their aid the local priesthood and auxiliary groups to help put over the program, *without the expenditure of Church funds.*

It will be the purpose to thoroughly clean every nook and corner; and clearing of every closet will be part of the plan. Removing *every fire hazard* from and around our buildings will be emphasized. No extensive landscaping plans will be stressed at this time, but we will be asked to plant lawns and flowers.

An appeal will be made for better sanitary conditions to help safeguard the health of our people.

This program is not a new idea. Our pioneers, one hundred years ago, encouraged the members then to beautify and make their homes good places in which to live. President Brigham Young said: "Study order and cleanliness—adorn your city and neighborhood—make your home lovely—make it neat, nice, and clean. Set out flowers around the doors."

The objective of the campaign will be to have clean places in which to worship and to make our homes better places in which to live.

. . . The fulness of the earth is yours . . . . Yea, and the herb, and the good things which cometh of the earth, whether for food or for raiment, or for houses, or for barns, or for orchards, or for gardens, or for vineyards . . . . all things which come of the earth, in the season thereof, are made for the benefit and the use of man, both to please the eye and to gladden the heart . . . . to strengthen the body and to enliven the soul (D. & C. 59:16-19).

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the Woman's Exponent, March 1, and March 15, 1889

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

YOUNG WOMEN: A long time ago in the days of our grandmothers every young lady was expected to know how to card and spin, if not to weave, in addition to her knowledge of all other household employments; and knitting was an indispensable requisite in any young girl's qualifications; it was the work that could always be relied upon in case all other work gave out. In fact it became proverbial, that no young woman should marry until she had a pillowcase full of stockings of her own knitting, and usually of her own spinning. Bed and table linen of one's own work were also essential. Spinning flax on a little wheel was considered in those primitive days the finishing off of a young lady's domestic accomplishments, and it is really an industry requiring skill. —Aunt Em.

TRUST IN THE LORD

If God hath chosen thee for one
His name to glorify,
To prove that justice will be done
Offenders proud and high;
Shouldst thou repine, unwilling be,
And weary him with cries?
Nay, they who bravely bear will be
Most lovely in his eyes.

—Lu Dalton.

A NEW USE FOR LEMONS: "If you ever use lemons," remarked one housewife to a lady friend, "and have a portion of one left over, be sure you do not throw it away. The next time you think you are done with a lemon just dip it in salt and rub your copper kettle or stewpan with it. You will be surprised to find what a brilliant surface you will obtain if you rub the article instantly with a dry, soft cloth. You can polish all brass work by the same means, every stain disappearing as if by magic."—Ex.

EDITORIAL NOTES: The conference of the Relief Society held in Ogden yesterday was well attended notwithstanding the rain storm. On the platform were seated a number of prominent ladies of the Junction City, as also several Bishops. Prest. Jane S. Richards presided with her usual quiet dignity: the principal subjects treated upon were charity, the importance of woman's position in the home and in society, her influence for good and her just rights as a citizen in reference to laws and government. Bishop Wallace of North Ogden made an elegant and earnest appeal in behalf of woman's privileges, and the audience listened with rapt attention.

NOTES AND NEWS: We cannot conquer necessity, but we can yield to it in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

The Pennsylvania Senate has passed a bill authorizing the appointment of women as physicians in insane asylums where women are confined.

Mrs. Proctor, widow of the great astronomer, will receive an annual pension from the British government of $500.

There are 3000 women in charge of postoffices in the United States.

Abuse may not be criticism, but sometimes the latter sounds much like the former.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

TWO noted American women were among more than two thousand delegates, representing fifty-two nations, at the International Congress of Mental Health, held in London last August. They were Anna W. M. Wolf, family counselor, and Mrs. George Van Trump Burgess, vice-president of the Child Study Association of America. Mrs. Burgess commented on the "sense of interdependence of sciences upon each other, and of nations and individual human beings." If only everyone in the world could understand the true importance of that interdependence, surely we would have peace instead of war!

AT a meeting in Washington, October 29, called by the American General Federation of Women's Clubs, leaders of national youth organizations and producers of radio and movie programs and publishers of comic strips, discussed radio, television, and movie programs and comic books for youth. It was agreed that the makers should go much further than merely "observing the negative code—no nudity, no glamorizing of alcoholic beverages, no contempt of law, family, or respected institutions, no torture, no detailed methods of youth crimes, no obscene language." A common aim was agreed upon to give youth the best in entertainment. Programs "should produce vibrant mental and social health." Parents, teachers, and children should be taught discrimination, and local distribution of available good entertainment should be assured.

MRS. J. L. BLAIR BUCK, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, on a recent trip to Japan, saw the Emperor open the Japanese Diet (legislative body), and through an interpreter she talked to five Japanese women members of the Diet.

MRS. LEONARD A. ROBBINS, ninety-three, of Salina, Utah, is believed to be the longest-married wife in the state. She has been wed for seventy-two years.

IN the autumn graduation of medical students from the University of Utah, a young woman received the highest scholastic rating. Gwen Gleave, of Annabella, Sevier County, Utah, was honor student in a class of twenty-six men and four women.

HELEN C. PAYNE, of Ogden, Utah, is one of three women in America to hold executive positions in the United States Forest Service. She is an assistant in the department of education. She helps to educate the public regarding the needs and methods of conservation and fire prevention.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 36 MARCH 1949 NO. 3

Full Measure, Running Over

AT the 107th birthday of Relief Society on March 17, all Relief Society members may view with justifiable pride and satisfaction the accomplishments of Relief Society during the past year. Above the level of a regular year's activity rises one accomplishment which will tower with greater significance with the passing of the decades.

As in every year there were countless acts of sisterly love and devotion tendered the less fortunate and sorrowing. Long and arduous hours were spent in making clothing and processing food for saints residing in countries where living conditions continue to be meager. That charity which never faileth, the mainspring of the society, was fully made manifest.

And, added to this service, a marvelous achievement was completed, one which the sisters of Relief Society have desired since the early days—to raise money for a Relief Society Building. This dream has, during the past year, seen fulfillment.

The magnitude of the task which the sisters had set for themselves seemed at times well-nigh impossible of accomplishment. But, blessed with the approval of the First Presidency in this undertaking, Relief Society leaders throughout the world invoked the spirit of our Heavenly Father to enter into the hearts of the sisters for this great cause.

The results have shown that these prayers have been answered in a marvelous way. The lonely widow, the young mother, the mature woman, the sister sitting in a thatched hut, the one huddling around a scant fire, the member dwelling in the warm climes of flowers, and the one living in the barren, icy wastelands—all joined hearts and hands to fulfill this dream of their beloved Relief Society. In addition to the half million dollars asked of them, nearly sixty additional thousand have been given by those whose hearts were inspired with love and overflowing with generosity to their cherished Relief Society.

And, on this anniversary, the general board expresses its deep gratitude and appreciation to all members of Relief Society throughout the world. For your diligence and faithfulness you have been abundantly blessed and, inasmuch as full obedience is given to the instructions of the Priesthood which presides over Relief Society, and Relief Society members give unselfishly of themselves, rich blessings will continue to be poured out upon the sisters, and the women of the Church will find eternal joy. Such is the prayer of Sister Spafford and the general board from hearts filled with gratitude for the goodness and accomplishments of Relief Society members during the past year.

M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

The Importance of the Visiting Teachers Message

OUR attention has been called to the fact that some visiting teachers are under the impression that since a report as to the delivery of the message in the homes is no longer required it is not necessary to present the message itself in the homes. Stake and ward presidents are requested to correct this impression and to emphasize the fact to the visiting teachers that the delivery of the message in the homes is a vital part of the visiting teaching program and its importance has in no way diminished even though a monthly report of this activity is not now required.

Organizations and Reorganizations of Mission and Stake Relief Societies

Since the last report, printed in the December 1947 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, to and including December 1948.

ORGANIZATIONS

Missions	*Formerly Part of*	*Appointed President*	*Date of Appointment*
Central Atlantic States	East Central States Mission	Mabel A. Price	October 6, 1947
Southwest Indian	Navajo-Zuni Mission		Name changed Dec. 8, 1948
Stakes			
American Falls	Blackfoot and West Pocatello	Louise H. Woolley	February 25, 1948
Cedar	Parowan	Afton P. Parry	June 7, 1948
San Joaquin	Sacramento Stake Northern California Mission	Venice Ricks	April 25, 1948
South Carolina	Southern States Mission	Alice Voyles	October 19, 1947

REORGANIZATIONS

Missions	*Released President*	*Appointed President*	*Date of Appointment*
Australian	Florence T. Rees	Blanche K. Richmond	April 10, 1947
Eastern States	Alberta O. Doxey	Georgia R. Livingston	September 27, 1948
Japanese	(Husband in charge)	Irene P. Clissold	September 4, 1948
New Zealand	Luana P. Halverson	Virginia D. Young	June 24, 1948

Missions (Continued)	*Released President*	*Appointed President*	*Date of Appointment*
Northwestern States	Lenora K. Bringhurst	Georgina F. Richards	December 11, 1947
Pacific Missions	(Husband in charge)	Elva T. Cowley	January 22, 1948
Palestine-Syrian	(Reopened)	Berta W. Piranian	October 8, 1947
Samoan	Thurza Amelia T. Adams	Francella C. Hale	June 29, 1948
South African	Ida G. Sharp	Jean D. Wright	October 8, 1948
Southern States	Effie F. Meeks	Rula W. Choules	April 8, 1948
Tongan	Martha Elnora G. Huntsman	Evelyn H. Dunn	July 18, 1948
Stakes			
Bear River	Maude O. Cook	Ruby W. Nielsen	August 29, 1948
Big Cottonwood	Alta J. Vance	Helen W. Anderson	June 14, 1948
Big Horn	Grace E. Allphin	Amelia H. Robertson	May 9, 1948
Blaine	Eva Pond	Eva Adamson	May 23, 1948
Blaine	Eva Adamson	Fawn N. Dilworth	October 17, 1948
Bonneville	Aleine M. Young	Florence Cowan	February 29, 1948
Cache	Annie J. Carlton	Inez B. Tingey	June 13, 1948
Cottonwood	Ella R. Croxford	Florence N. Singleton	June 30, 1948
Denver	Erma A. Rice	Della H. Teeter	October 17, 1948
Duchesne	Cecilia O. Gilbert	Faye E. Merkley	August 15, 1948
East Millcreek	Sarah E. Bateman (Died April 1, 1948)	Carrie M. Howick	May 2, 1948
East Millcreek	Carrie M. Howick	Muriel R. Mallory	November 14, 1948
Emigration	Louise W. Madsen	Winniefred Manwaring	December 31, 1947
Humboldt	Ella Mae Parker	LaPrele Schumann	December 19, 1947
Humboldt	LaPrele Schumann	Ella Mae Parker	January 18, 1948
Humboldt	Ella Mae Parker	Jenet S. Clyde	July 18, 1948
Idaho Falls	Loveda Petersen	Venna H. Croft	October 19, 1947
Juab	Chloe N. Bailey	Lua L. Stephenson	November 30, 1947
Lethbridge	Ida S. Wood	Gertrude F. Jensen	August 1, 1948
Los Angeles	Julia T. LeChemi-nant	Dorothy H. Koer	February 4, 1948
Lost River	Laura L. Christensen	Elva J. Beal	December 21, 1947
Lyman	Sarah J. Slagowski (Died Oct. 27, 1948)	Opal W. Broadbent	November 17, 1948
Mesa	H. Lila Newell (Died Sept. 24, 1947)	Zelma Miller	September 28, 1947
Moapa	Mae L. Larson	Lucille Earl	August 29, 1948
North Sevier	Bernice Mickelsen	Josephine Thomsen	April 25, 1948
North Weber	Melva O. Stratford	Vera H. Sorensen	October 9, 1948
Portland	Dorothy A. Peterson	Mima Hainsworth	December 5, 1948
Provo	Gretta P. Romney	Mazie C. Knell	August 25, 1948
Rigby	Ann W. Nielsen	Nita G. Jorgensen	August 15, 1948
San Juan	Ruth H. Redd	Margie H. Lyman	February 22, 1948
Santaquin-Tintic	Jennie Bylund	Janet P. Lee	September 19, 1948
Snowflake	Lydia S. Peterson	Ida S. Hendrickson	September 15, 1947
Smithfield	Anne M. Farr	Alta C. Allen	December 12, 1948
South Sevier	Sylvia C. Musig	Floral M. Rasmussen	July 6, 1947
Spokane	Gladys O. Groesbeck	Edna Bennion	July 28, 1948
Star Valley	Arvilla J. Hyer	Nellie B. Jensen	December 7, 1947
Union	Julia H. Decker	Nan A. Lindsay	November 30, 1947
Zion Park	Inez C. Burgener	Hilda Bringhurst	October 12, 1947

Special Short Story Issue Planned for April

THE April 1949 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with four authors being represented, each with an excellent story. Watch for these stories in April:

"The Boy There," by Christie Lund Coles
"Thunderstorm," by Mary Ek Knowles
"Through the Darkness," Hazel K. Todd
"And all Eternity," Carol Read Flake

Sky Writing

Marvin Jones

Everyone looked up to watch white streamers
Run along the thin, blue wedge of sky—
There was no need for me to look so far
Beyond the city's windowed walls, for I
Saw heaven on the face of one who sent
A song white-winging through the firmament . . . .

Longing

Susa Gould Walker

March winds still blow and toss the kites on high.
His kite is dusty, lying idly by;
The pussy willows grow; the birds still nest;
He doesn't go a-hunting with the rest.
The dandelions dance in April rains;
He bound my heart to his with pale green chains.
I hope there are pussy willows, kites, and dandelions
Up in heaven.

We Are So Busy

Sylvia Probst Young

INSTEAD of closing her house, as she usually did when she went to California, Emily Woodrow left it in the care of a nephew and his wife from Indiana. The young man, a college professor, had accepted an offer to teach at our university for the summer, and Emily was delighted.

"I'm so happy to have someone in the place for the summer," she told me, "I never have liked closing it up, but I didn't like renting to strangers. Of course, you could almost call Tom a stranger. I haven't seen him since he was a high-school boy and I don't know anything at all about his wife. But I hope you'll call on them, Kate. Salt Lake will be new to them and I know they will appreciate having a good neighbor like you."

They will probably have plenty of things to do, and enough interests of their own not to need a middle-aged neighbor, I thought. But I promised Emily that I would call on them. She and I have lived side by side for almost thirty years, and during these years we have come to be good neighbors, although not exactly intimate friends.

I really intended to run in on Emily's tenants right after their arrival, but I was so busy with one thing or another that I didn't find an opportunity to do so until almost two weeks after they had come. I felt rather guilty because I had always prided myself on being friendly. Still the fact that they were from the East rather worried me. I had always associated people from the East with sophistication which, after all, is quite foolish, as I discovered that morning when I went to call. They were very natural and friendly, not sophisticated at all.

Tom Hadfield himself answered the door. He was a tall, thin man, with eye glasses, and hair that was definitely slipping. Not exactly good-looking, clean-looking would fit him better, and intelligent, the kind of man one would have pointed out as a professor.

"Come in," he said warmly. "I believe you are the neighbor Aunt Emily told us about, Mrs. Crandall?

"Yes. I meant to run over ever since you came," I told him, "but it seems there just aren't enough hours in the day."

"How well I know that. This morning I didn't have a class, but here I am correcting papers. Lucille," he turned to the woman sitting on the divan, "this is Mrs. Crandall."

Lucille Hadfield smiled brightly. "It was so nice of you to come. Sit down Mrs. Crandall and visit with us."

It seemed to me she radiated charm, and I liked her instantly. She was an attractive girl, in her early thirties I judged, one who belonged to that class of women referred to as "types"; not beautiful, but distinctively striking. Tall, too, with an abundance of dark brown hair, which she wore in a large bun at the nape of her neck. Her skin was sun-tanned and flawless, and her eyes, deep brown.

"It's a lovely morning isn't it? I think we're going to like your city.

We've never been here before, I mean I haven't. Tom was here once when he was a child."

"Things have changed a great deal since then," I told her. "I think our biggest changes have come since the war."

We got started on the war then. Mr. Hadfield had been in the navy and since my Bob had been in the navy, too, we had a common interest. From the war we went to economics. It was the subject nearest his heart since he taught it. Mrs. Hadfield added her share to the conversation in a way which indicated that she, also, was educated.

They asked me all about the city. Especially they were interested in Temple Square.

"Your Tabernacle organ," Mrs. Hadfield asked, "would there be any chance to hear it? I play the organ a little myself, so I'm partial to organ music."

I was very happy to tell her about the organ recital every day at noon. "I'll tell you what," I volunteered, "if you like, I'll go with you someday. Maybe I can show you a few things that you might not see if you went alone."

"Would you? Oh, I'd love that. I'll be looking forward to it."

Both of them invited me to come again soon and I assured them that I would.

CROSSING the yard to our house, I decided that I would try to find a day next week to go to the organ recital with Lucille Hadfield, but I didn't. Very suddenly Margey and Brad decided to get married in July instead of waiting until September. There were so many things for me to attend to, as there always are for a bride's mother no matter how simple the wedding may be.

The days slipped by. I saw my neighbor quite often during the afternoons sitting in Emily's hammock in the back yard. Always she was just sitting, not reading, not sewing, just sitting. And always I was surprised, she had impressed me as being so full of energy that I couldn't associate idleness with her. A few times I stopped by the fence and talked to her, and she seemed so interested in whatever I had to say. I apologized for not having had a chance to go to town with her.

She was very understanding. "I know all about weddings," she told me. "We had three in the family last summer. Actually we were a little tired of them before it was all over."

"I should think so. Well, it's over now and I won't be so busy. Why don't we plan to go to the recital this Wednesday, or maybe you've already gone."

"No, I haven't. I'll be looking forward to Wednesday, then."

"Good. We can go to lunch after and make a day of it, if you'd like."

But on Tuesday night Dan's sister Beth came in from St. George. It was always nice to have Beth and since she came so seldom I did like to spend the time with her while she was here. Much as I hated to disappoint Lucille Hadfield, I just couldn't go.

"Of course, I understand perfectly," she answered when I called her. "Don't worry about me, I can go just anytime."

"I'm surprised Lucille hasn't become discouraged and gone by her-

self," I told Beth as I hung up the phone.

"She probably has," Beth replied. "I wouldn't be concerned about it. She probably goes to town every day, with nothing at all to do. I don't imagine that she is too lonesome."

"I guess not, but I am going to spend an afternoon in town with her before she leaves to go home since I suggested it."

It was my turn to entertain my club on the first Thursday in August and I decided to ask Lucille Hadfield to come. Although I had invited her over repeatedly a special invitation would make her know that I was sincere in my efforts to be friendly.

"This is Kate Crandall," I said when she answered the phone.

"Oh, hello," her voice was sunny. "It's nice to hear from you. "Did you have a nice visit with your sister-in-law?"

"Yes, I did. You see I was reared in the country, too, and she brings me up to date on rural things."

"I'm rural-minded, too. Most of the time I find the city rather dull."

"Well, it can be. What I called for is to ask you to come to my club on Thursday afternoon if you will. It's here at my house. There are about a dozen of us. It isn't a card club, more of an art club. Sometimes we sew or have a book report. This time we are having a lesson on stencil painting. Have you ever done any?"

"No-no, I haven't."

"Well, it's simple to learn. I'm going to town tomorrow, and I'll get the materials you'll need for you if you'd like me to."

There was a long pause then. When she finally answered I was prepared for her excuse.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Crandall." Her voice sounded strained and so different from what it usually did. "But I just remembered that I'm meeting Tom tomorrow afternoon. He doesn't have a class and we're going to town."

It was a very lame excuse; quite obviously she didn't want to come.

I hung up the phone, feeling like I had been slapped. It sounded so unlike her. Maybe, after all, she wasn't interested in being anything but a casual acquaintance. Maybe all of her friendliness was only a charming front. Still, she had always shown so much interest in whatever I had talked to her about, and had seemed so enthusiastic when I had suggested taking her to an organ recital . . . . Maybe, after all, I should just skip the whole thing. She had never been in my house, and now she had made it plain that she didn't care to come to my club. So I forgot about it.

THE August days hurried by, with autumn sneaking quietly toward us. I had seen very little of Lucille since I had called her. Sometimes, from my kitchen window, I would see her sitting out in the hammock. One time I waved to her, but she didn't wave back, so she must not have seen me.

I was working out in the back one evening after dinner when Mr. Hadfield drove into his yard. I could see that he was alone and that seemed rather odd because she was always with him. Then I remembered that I hadn't seen her for days.

(*Continued on page 214*)

Take Care of Your Books

Ezra J. Poulsen

IN the American home, a stock of good books, accumulated and carefully selected through the years, should occupy an important and honored place. No other possessions reflect culture better than books. Besides, every member of the family, from the youngest child to the oldest adult, must turn constantly to the wisdom of the printed page in order to keep growing.

But the problem of keeping books always properly displayed and conveniently accessible is a difficult one. Cluttered from one room to the other, piled in closets, and stacked on sagging, open shelves, they often detract from the appearance of the home. "I feel like getting rid of them all," many a housewife has complained during the seasonal cleaning periods. Yet she loves books and wouldn't consider parting with them.

A little careful planning and the application of a few basic principles can do much to improve the home library. In the first place, it is wise to recognize that not all books are equally attractive or of equal worth, and therefore not entitled to the same degree of display. Next, that open shelves do not protect choice books, and even the gayest volumes soon lose their luster after being wiped over a number of times and having fine particles of dirt ground into their covers. Then, there is also the matter of frequency of use, and of subject classification.

We will consider the matter of reference works first. If they are housed on comparatively low shelves, near a well-lighted study table, their use will be greatly increased. It is all too easy to decide not to look up a word or a topic if one has to stand on a chair or hunt through a closet, or bring a light from another room, before he can get a glimpse of the desired page. Since such books are usually expensive, it is advisable to keep them behind glass, where they can be easily seen without being exposed unnecessarily to dust or careless handling.

THEN, there are the standard sets of various kinds: literature, science, history, and kindred subjects. These often make up the bulk of a library, as well as representing the largest investment in money. They merit a combination of good display and careful preservation. Consequently, the high shelves, easily seen, are a good place for those not being currently read or studied.

A variety of material may be considered in a third classification: light fiction, both adult and juvenile; old school and college books, which, though in various stages of dilapidation, are of great sentimental value. Then, there are books which are rightfully regarded as heirlooms, the family Bible, gift books from long ago, books won for merit in various activities, and other volumes, which for some reason, have become identified with the family history. In addition, there is always an accumulation of pamphlets and papers, challenging the owner to keep them, yet creating a constant problem.

BOOKS BY THE FIREPLACE ARE CONVENIENT AND ATTRACTIVE

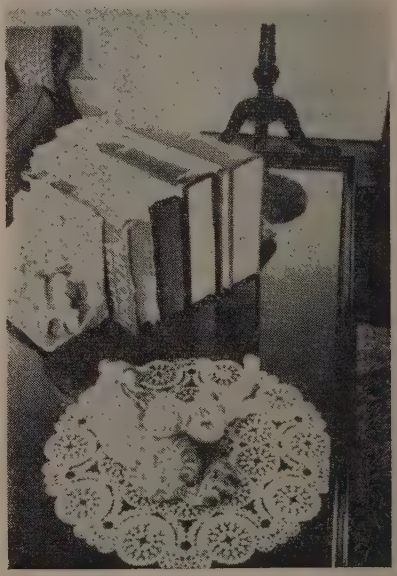
Too often the volumes in this group get jumbled together so that they detract from the appearance of the home.

This condition can quickly be improved by working over this collection, disposing of all waste material, and classifying and filing in a suitable cabinet or file case all pamphlets and papers which are worthy of saving. Such a cabinet is easily made by a handy man, or it can be purchased for a few dollars. Then, using paste, shears, transparent tape, and binding cloth, repair all volumes which have become frayed or torn. This can be developed into an interesting hobby. Finally, important volumes should be rebound, to ensure their preservation.

After these things have been done, give this group of books a well-chosen place on the shelves, and they will add greatly to the general tone of the home library.

A fourth group of books offers special incentive for display. These books are the new ones in their bright jackets, and books which are constantly referred to, such as the standard works of the Church in their prim embossings. They challenge attention at once, and since they are currently being read anyway, they look well between bookends, or in a special place of honor on the shelves, within easy reach at all times. They may grace a table or a desk, subject, however, to frequent change. This part of the collection might be considered the priming spark of interest.

Cared for along these lines, the home library becomes not merely a supply of books, but a vital, growing entity of book charm, always an important part of the home decoration, always a storehouse of knowledge and inspiration, becoming richer with the passing years.



KEEP THE NEWEST BOOKS HANDY

THE BREAKFRONT IS A NATURAL DEPOSITORY
FOR THE BEST VOLUMES

I Have No Need

Grace Zenor Pratt

I do not need a portrait of your face . . . .
Each loved, remembered feature I can trace
With tender care . . . an art of memory.
I do not need a record of your voice;
To me, each cadence is as clear as some sweet melody
Which, half-forgotten, springs to life again.

I have no need for pictures to reveal the way
You smile; your charm, the things you do and say . . . .
I hold you close, so close against my heart—
But sometimes I have need to speak your name . . . .
I wait your coming when the hour grows late—
And earth seems lonely as some distant star.

I have no need for portraits of you, dear;
I feel your presence; you are always near.
I speak your name . . . and hear your answer, too,
Remembering the long, long hours with you.

How to Make a Pleated Skirt

Lena DuPaix

PLEATED skirts have been a favorite of children of all ages for many years and will undoubtedly continue to be so because they are in keeping with the jauntiness that girls love.

In making an all-around, knife-pleated skirt, the pleats may range in width from ¼ to 1 inch, or even larger. If the material is equal to three times the hip measurement the pleats will always come out even regardless of the size of the pleat. For example, a 34-inch hip measurement will require 102 inches of material or about 2½ widths of 40-inch material.

Finish the hem completely before the pleats are made, and remember the flatter the hem the straighter will be the pleats.

Make a marker or guide for the pleating. Use a piece of light-weight cardboard 1" by 3". At one end measure off the width of the pleats (in the illustration 1" is used). Draw a pencil line as shown in figure 1.

Place the material on the ironing board. Start at a seam and measure a pleat with the marker as in figure 2. Be sure the fold of the pleat is exactly on the lengthwise thread of the material. Pin pleat at either end and through center as figure 3 shows. The pins are placed through the material and into the ironing board pad. The material is stretched tight from end to end so the pleats will lie quite flat. Then, beginning at the edge of the first pleat made, measure out 1 inch, pin pleat at either end and through center as in first pleat and repeat until board is filled, as in figure 4.

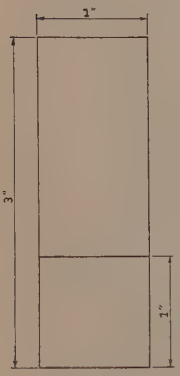


FIG. 1
MARKED FOR USE IN PLEATING SKIRT

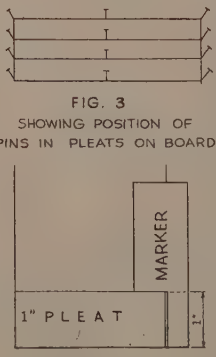


FIG. 2
SHOWING HOW TO PLACE MARKER ON MATERIAL

FIG. 3
SHOWING POSITION OF PINS IN PLEATS ON BOARD

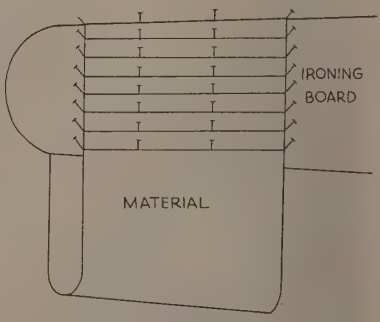


FIG. 4
SHOWING PLEATS PINNED ON IRONING BOARD READY FOR PRESSING

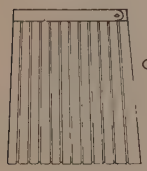


FIG. 5
COMPLETED SKIRT

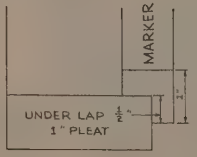


FIG. 6
SHOWING PROCEEDURE FOR MAKING SKIRT WITH LESS MATERIAL

The pleats are then pressed with a damp cloth so that the steam will shape them and hold the creases. To do this, place a dry pressing cloth over material, then a damp one. Press only between rows of pins; remove pressing cloths and center row of pins; replace pressing cloths and press again. Let the material remain on the board for a minute or two before removing the pins from either end of material. Repeat this process until all material is pleated.

If you wish to have a box pleat in the center front, make that first and then make knife pleats on either side of box pleat.

To pleat a skirt using less material, use twice the hip measurement. Follow the same directions used for deeper pleats, but lap the pleats under only ½ the full width of each pleat. On the cardboard marker measure and make a ½-inch line then measure 1 inch for the width of pleat, but fold under only ½ inch as figure 6 shows.

After the material is pleated, remove from the board and baste the pleats in place at the top edge of skirt, and pull basting stitch up to the waist measurement, or to fit the size of waistband.

Compensation

Jessie M. Robinson

I thought life dull with barren deeds,
As futile as the meadow weeds.
There was a field my father had
Where planted crops were always bad,
But lush with Queen Anne's Lace—
What a lovely place!

They Are Not Mine

Caroline Eyring Miner

MY children are not mine: I want to realize the truth of this contradictory and rather provoking statement more fully as time passes. It bears a philosophy that will succor me in crises where my children are concerned.

"Not mine, these babies that I conceived, that I nurtured with the blood of my own body!" I cry. "Not mine, when I suffered in the dark of night the pangs of birth akin to the pangs of death itself for their sake. Not mine, these children for whose care I have sacrificed strength of body and peace of mind?"

No, in truth, they are not mine. And I would with all the strength I can summon put from me this possessive cry of the mother-heart.

Of course my children are blood of my blood and flesh of my flesh. That shell I still may hold when the spirit has departed, at least until nature claims even that. I may nourish and cherish the body, for it is mine. God may at any time claim his own again, the spirit of my child.

At my table today sit three guests. Only yesterday I called them mine. Today I call them God's. They are in my care, possessing bodies I made for them, which I must keep warm, keep properly nourished, keep clean, so that the guests will not tire of inhospitable surroundings. They are with me in this strange country to gain experience, to gain knowledge, as I go to foreign lands in quest of the unknown. I will make their stay profitable. I will provide them with opportunities for service, for education, for experiencing the pleasant and the unpleasant. I will not dictate the paths that they must tread in learning of this land. They are my guests, and so I must only suggest.

And when their visit is ended, and they have gone Home, if I am still here, I shall be lonely and I shall weep, perhaps, but I shall know them again.

How to Make an Embroidery Floss Case

(Handy Hint for the Sewing Bag)

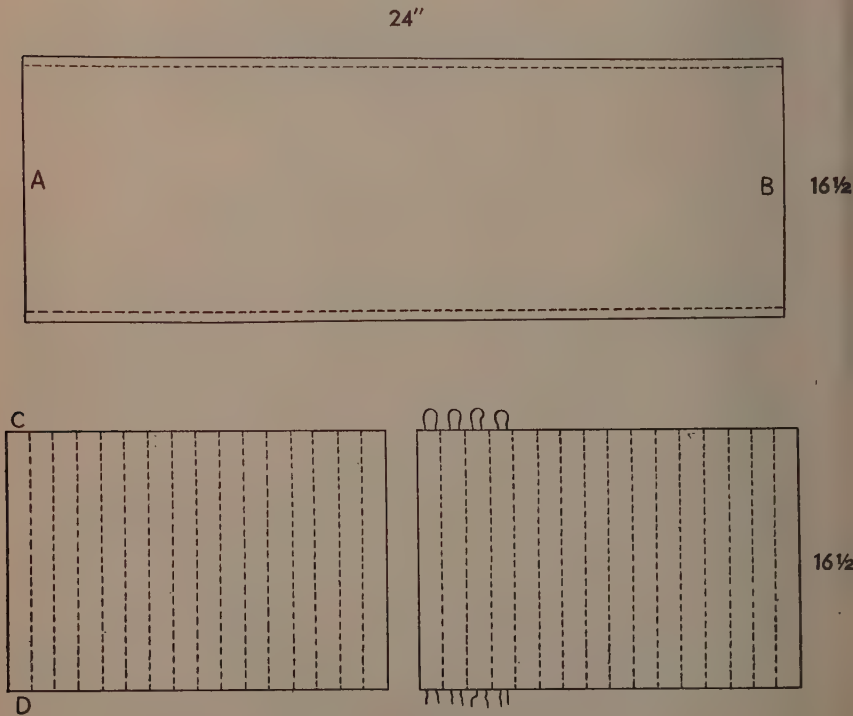
Afton N. Porter

THERE are few things more annoying or more time-consuming than that tangled ball of embroidery cotton. Here is a very simple solution to the "knotty" problem.

Take a piece of lightweight, white material—voile or thin muslin is very suitable—16½ inches long and twice as wide as you wish the case to be (24 inches is a good width).

Make a ¼ inch hem on each end. Join sides A and B and turn right side out. Make rows of stitching from C to D about ⅜ inches apart across the entire width of the case.

Cut skeins of 6-ply embroidery cotton as usual, and with a safety pin lace them through these stitched spaces. You will have one of the neatest and handiest articles for your sewing bag you have ever owned. Not only does it keep your thread clean, but it permits you to draw out one or several threads at a time without tangling the entire skein.



Stitching in rows ⅜" apart

That's My Towel!

Ivie H. Jones

TOWELS wear out faster by washing than by wiping. No one wants to wipe on a towel someone else has used, so into the wash it goes.

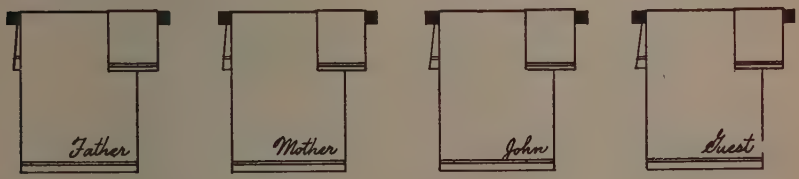
When towels are both colorful and plentiful, we have a different color for each member of the family. Sometimes they are just white towels with the stripes of the colors. As each child came into our home, we added a different color.

Children like the feeling of ownership, and I'm sure you will find, as we did, that they will soon take delight in hanging up their own towels and in keeping them clean. I can just hear our tiny tots, pointing to the wet clothes on the line on washday, saying: "That's my towel. When will it be dry?" And I seldom put them away after washday, for willing hands were anxiously waiting to put their own towels away and hurry back to take the stacks for Mother, Father, Grandpa, or guest.

There have been times when we could not buy the particular color we wanted, so we labeled the towels and the racks, being sure that each member of the family, as well as guests, had his own towel. It doesn't take long to write the names in large letters and with a coarse boilproof silkaline thread, chain stitch over the letters using a particular color of thread for each member of the family and for the guest.

Name tags for labeling the towel racks can be purchased at most any book and stationery store or they can be made of a strip of used tin can, bending both edges over a knife blade to allow the insertion of the name card.

Try labeling your towels, and it will surprise you how few towels you will have in the wash each week and how long they will wear.



Art Teacher

C. Cameron Johns

You taught me the clean, sweet taste
Of poetry on the tongue . . .
The slim inquiring fingers of music . . .
And, even though you are gone,
My years are still scented
With the fragrance
Of your laughter.

Antiques to Know and Cherish

Lorene Pearson

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

THERE is much in the history of New England that approximates the history of Utah. Both regions were settled by farmers, craftsmen, and small tradesmen who came to their respective wildernesses with the idea of staying and of multiplying, that the convictions for which they suffered exile might be established solidly on a spot of earth that would forever thereafter bear the stamp of their peculiar faith. Both brought with them, or made upon arrival, furniture and household utensils that reminded them of their former homes. American ingenuity, nurtured in this new land, improved upon these articles or was responsible for new inventions. Many of these objects, those so perilously brought on the first journeys, and those lovingly developed, have become dear to us; they are the things that survive all manner of other changes in our lives.

Beginning with the hearth—the first consideration in any home—we have first of all the open fireplace. In our own day the stove in various guises has become more economical, but perhaps the most charming and useful heating unit of all was the cross between the two—the Franklin stove, invented by Benjamin Franklin and used for generations. The idea behind the Franklin stove was one of retaining the wasted heat of the open hearth while at the same time having the open flame. It was a cast-iron affair capable of being moved from room to room, and of being vented in the old fireplace. So successful were these stoves that quantities of the original were produced and reproductions and variations have been manufactured down to this day. Lucky is the person who owns one or has a friend who owns one and will permit the toasting of shins at such a comfortable hearth.

Next in importance to the pioneer and to the homemaker today comes the table. Fortunate is the person whose family has owned and cherished any of the Early American tables. One of the most charming, in the original and in reproduction, is the butterfly dropleaf type with canted leg, derived possibly from English pieces of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, but in the form we know it, distinctly American. It has always an oblong fixed top supported by four turned legs slanting outward with stretchers near the base, and with two wings which swing out to support two drop leaves.

Now that we have a fire and a place at which to eat, we can think next of a place on which to sit, that is, to sit comfortably. At first it was enough to have benches and stools and straight-back chairs, but soon American ingenuity came into play, and the rocker was invented. Several types developed, so thoroughly did the idea take our forefathers by storm, but none was more popular than the so-called Boston rocker.

1

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10

HOW MANY OF THESE ANTIQUES CAN YOU IDENTIFY?

(Answers on page 191)

The making of it was not confined to the area whose name it carried; eventually, every state in the Union had factories; and England, France, Holland, Sweden, and Germany all produced copies. Since 1840, many have been exported to all parts of the world. The rocking chair seems to have fallen somewhat into disuse in these days of overstuffed furniture, but there can be a niche for one in any household for use in mending socks, reading a good book, or nursing an infant, and in a home where quilt-making is still a joy, there can be no more satisfactory arrangement.

THEN came the need for a clock to tick away the hours, to add more exactness than the sun could give. Grandfather clocks, of course, were wonderful, but required space, then as now. More practical, more truly American, less expensive, was the banjo clock to hang upon the wall. It is completely functional, and therefore beautiful as well; inside the banjo every part is as carefully planned as the genius of Simon Willard could make it; outside, the shape is lovely and appropriate for fine carving and gilding. It might almost be said that there has never been an ugly banjo clock, original or reproduction.

An article not so much used these days when cooking is not done over the open flames in the fireplace, but one none the less intriguing when owned and used, is the trivet. It is a small, three-legged iron stand with a top large enough to balance a kettle and with a handle to shift it here and there among the live coals for maximum or minimum heat as the housewife may desire. These are still rather widely used in England to boil a pot of water.

Many small, useful articles were produced in the early years of settlement and later; these have become collectors' items. Among the glass objects for decoration and use were castors, which consisted of bottles for oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and other daily table needs nested together on a handled stand that could be carried to and from the table with minimum effort.

Another little article was the penny bank, which took many beautiful forms; some may be found in tin, in wood, in glass, in pottery. It might be well to think of them as more than decorative in these days, as well as in those other days when thrift was emphasized.

There were, of course, many purely decorative pieces made, particularly as the Victorian era approached. There were the quaint hands terminated at the wrist, made of glass or metal or china, attractively sculptured to catch the imagination. Another Victorian bibelot was made by placing wax flowers or small statuettes under a beautiful glass dome; it was called a glass bell. Many creations of the hours of feminine leisure in those times of fantastic redundancy found shelter under the bell.

One of the most beautiful of all the small objects made in recent and ancient times was the glass paperweight. All of us are familiar with the solid half-ball of clear glass, but how many are aware of the variety of exquisite designs imprisoned within the antique ones! The production of these was a resurgence of an old art developed by the Egyptians in the twelfth century, B. C.

About the time of Cleopatra the Romans revived the idea; factories later sprang up all over Europe; it is not strange to see that the American craftsman was attracted to this difficult but rewarding art form. The making of paperweights spans a long period in our country; the Millville rose, one of the most attractive, was made as late as 1912. Fine paperweights were never inexpensive, and as they have become collectors' items, they are one of the more costly treasures to add to one's home.

For those who cannot afford to collect, or do not wish to collect, there is joy in becoming acquainted with these and other antiques and in seeing them in museums or the homes of others, for they are part of our national heritage, our way of life.

IDENTIFICATION OF ANTIQUES PICTURED ON Page 189

1. Glass paper weight
2. Victorian Hand
3. Victorian glass bell for wax flowers, statuettes, horsehair wreaths, etc.
4. Boston Rocker
5. Butterfly dropleaf table (canted leg)
6. Trivet made of wrought iron
7. Penny Bank
8. Castor
9. Banjo Clock
10. Franklin Stove

Cotton Storm

Leone E. McCune

The market must have dropped today,
The price can't be so high,
Go fetch my dusty sewing kit,
For cotton's raining from the sky.

Overtone

Dorothy J. Roberts

So faint a sound to pierce my lethargy,
Only an overtone escaping from your word,
Some undefinable in minor key,
Beyond all meter, rather felt than heard.

Small as a seed in my heart's darkened loam,
Its roots have quickened in my hungering
Till its stock and pedicel are phlox in bloom,
More swift, more beautiful, than sudden spring.

Cakes Decorated and Designed at Home

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

DECORATING birthday and wedding cakes can be done at home by any woman with a keen desire, a little creative energy, and a fund of imagination. Some cakes that I saw recently, created and finished by Mrs. Alvin Larsen of Logan, Utah, would fire the imagination and stir the desire in any homemaker, especially one with small children.

The tools needed are simple and easily procured at the five-and-dime stores or can be made easily at home. Mrs. Larsen makes many of her implements out of ordinary typing paper folded and cut on the diagonal. The resulting triangle is rolled into a funnel for holding the decorating icing. The tip may be snipped in various designs for very pleasing results.

The beauty of the cake depends on the patience and the craftsmanship of the creator. Mrs. Larsen creates all her own recipes both for the cakes and for the icings and blends the standard flavors for individuality and variety. Her decorated cakes, both body and decorations, taste as pretty as they look, and they look prettier than the first bluebird in spring.

Naturally, she doesn't want to divulge all her secrets, but she was kind enough to give me a basic recipe for a child's birthday cake and for the icing to glamorize it. These you will find at the end of this article.

Let me tell you about some birthday cakes she has made, cakes that you may imitate or that will inspire you with ideas of your own. Judy's was a two-layered, butter sponge cake, ten inches in diameter. It was enveloped in pale pink icing and sported a border of rose-pink rosebuds and white daisies with silver centers. Pairs of bluebirds rested among the flowers, four to a wreath. Inside the floral border the inscription read, "Happy Birthday, Judith!" In the center, held high on a concealed paper cup, stood a storybook doll, "Cinderella at the Ball," in a deep rose evening gown.

We cut into it, and um-m-m, it was so good you could scarcely stop eating!

Michael's was a similar cake iced in yellow. Sixteen little merry-go-round horses, complete with flowing manes, arched tails, saddles and bridles, galloped around the border. All of these were made of delicious icing. Peppermint sticks held up the paper canopy and the birthday greeting was written in blue icing.

Another idea this home artist has conceived is a nursery rhyme cake with such figures as Old King Cole, Little Bo-Peep, Little Boy Blue, etc., decorating the top.

MRS. Larsen makes the roses, birds, and other decorative figures the day before the cake is baked or earlier the same day so

that they will be dry and firm by the time the cake is iced. She builds each little flower on a bottle cap, making one petal at a time. Fully opened roses, orange blossoms, and other flowers made full-faced, are completed with their tiny gold stamens. She always uses a home-made paper tube for forming birds. These figures are attached to the iced cake with icing which holds them as it sets.

You may think Mrs. Larsen must be a trained expert and that what

Ben Hains

"MERRY-GO-ROUND CAKE"

Benny Degn

SANDRA LARSEN, LOGAN, UTAH, AND HER FIRST BIRTHDAY CAKE

she can do has no relationship to what you can accomplish, but she is just a housewife like you and me who has taught herself every step of the way by the trial and error method, with only a talent for design and a great joy in creation behind her. Many women have these traits and are unaware of them.

Why not get the few inexpensive pastry tubes and implements which you can buy at the five-and-dime, cut out a few paper triangles, take these basic recipes, and try your hand at the young fry's birthday cake? You may find not only joy for yourself and your children, but you may branch out, as several women I know have, making cakes for fees and winning prizes at the state fairs.

One caution Mrs. Larsen asked me to give you is this: do keep your colors pastel. A drop or two of coloring in a batch of icing for figures is sufficient. Also, she says that she paints the eyes and beaks of the birds and tints the edges of fancy petals with a toothpick dipped in cake coloring after the figures are dry. Another tip, vegetable shortening, being white, is better to use than butter in icings which are to be tinted.

BUTTER SPONGE CAKE

½ cup shortening, butter and vegetable shortening half and half.
1 cup sugar, cream in shortening, preferably by electric mixer.
2 eggs, beat one at a time in batter.
2 egg yolks, add one at a time and beat lightly at slower rate.

2 cups sifted cake flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, sifted together.
¼ tsp. salt.
1 cup milk.

Add alternately sifted dry ingredients and milk, beginning with flour and ending with flour. Beat slowly three minutes.

Add flavoring, banana, tropical fruit, vanilla, or your own blend of any of these. Pour into well-greased 10-inch cake pans, 1-inch deep, lined with greased waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) for 20 minutes or until firm.

ICING

1 lb. powdered sugar
canned milk, sufficient to make a creamy consistency. Add a little at a time while beating.
1 heaping tbsp. vegetable shortening

Beat at a slow rate for three minutes. Add a few grains of salt and flavor, add coloring if desired.

For figures and flowers, make the above recipe, or a portion of it, very stiff with more powdered sugar and beat smooth.

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Joanna

Margery S. Stewart

CHAPTER 3

Synopsis: Joanna, who had married David Niels against the wishes of her family, is left a widow with four children to support and care for. Courageously, she takes inventory of her resources—a home, poorly furnished and not paid for, and $1.19 in cash. A neighbor gives her a sack of navy beans and Joanna decides to make Boston-baked beans for sale. Another neighbor, Abigail Smith, offers to help with ideas and transportation.

JOANNA smiled at the elevator girl. "My husband told me that freight accounts were on the fifth floor."

"That's right." The girl slammed the door. They shot up. "Say, what you got in that basket . . . . smells so good?"

"Home-baked bread, Boston-baked beans. I'm aimin' to take orders . . . ."

But the girl was opening the doors with a great clatter and did not hear.

Clerks were pouring out of doors into the long corridor. They sniffed when they passed Joanna's basket, and turned to stare. She heard one man say, "Boy, I haven't smelled home-baked bread for twenty years . . . . wonder who the lucky guy is?"

Somehow it gave her courage to go into the great barnlike office. She walked down the long row of tables, each with its typewriter. The girls who brought their lunches were grouped at a table against the wall. They unwrapped wax-paper sandwiches with white, manicured fingers. Their hair lay sleekly to their heads in deep finger waves. They watched Joanna's progress down the aisle, eyeing her basket suspiciously.

Joanna stood at their table. She smiled waveringly. "I . . . . I guess you girls get mighty tired of just sandwiches every day?"

They groaned politely in assent. "But times are hard." They watched her lift the lid of the basket.

Joanna brought out a jar of baked beans, opened it, let the fragrance steam past their noses. She took out a loaf of brown bread, cut a slice for each girl, put it and a small portion of the beans on the paper plates. She swallowed.

"I'd like right well to have you try this. My name and my telephone number are on the underside of the plates. If you would like me to deliver an order of beans to your house, or even here to your office, just phone me. I have home-made bread, too. Saturday afternoons, you might like to stay down town shopping instead of having to get a meal. Or you might like to have some for a party. Call me if you do." She folded the napkin over the basket and closed the lid with shaking hands. "I . . . . I cook other things, too."

The office girls looked at her with bright smiles that promised nothing. "Thanks. We'll call you if we need anything."

There was such emptiness in the words that Joanna's heart sank. She turned to go away. "Your mothers now, if you're not married, might like an evening off, Boston-baked

and home-made bread would be a grand combination."

"Wouldn't it, though?" The same flatness, yet when she turned to go down the stairway to the next floor, she was rewarded by a small shriek of delight, and looked back in time to see the small dark girl's eyes roll heavenward as she brought another spoonful to her mouth.

IT was a little after one when Joanna brought the empty basket to the car. She counted. There was one loaf of bread left and four jars of beans.

"Now can we go home, Mommy?" Sally was tired and hungry.

"Soon, darling." Joanna climbed in the front seat with Abigail, who was all breathless eagerness.

"How did it go, this time? Did you get any orders?"

Joanna shook her head. "They said they would phone."

Abigail backed noisily out of the parking. "Well, it was a right good try, Joanna. Don't you feel bad if it don't work. You did your part."

"But they've *got* to call. There's a need. Working wives and mothers get mighty tired at times. I should think they'd like to have a hot meal brought right to their house . . . . Oh, Abigail, if you'll just help me get started . . . . drive me around . . . . I'll see you don't lose by it."

Abigail turned her lovely, silver-framed face. "Help? You couldn't stop me from helpin'. I never had such a nervous morning. I wouldn't a missed it."

They passed the church on their way home. Women were wending their way up the wide steps. "The bazaar!" Abigail gasped. "I was supposed to bring a hot dish."

Joanna sat up straight. "Wait! Stop, Abigail."

"What on earth for?"

"I'll leave the rest of the beans and the bread. Ask them to make a sign, telling people I've . . . . I've gone into business."

Joanna found herself bone-weary when she carried the empty basket into her kitchen. She saw that Penny and David had eaten half a pie and nothing else for their lunch. She gave Michael and Sally bread and milk, bathed their tired, dirty hands and faces and tucked them in for a nap.

She went back to the kitchen, ate a bowl of bread and milk, and washed the dishes and sorted laundry. She put the clothes through the antiquated machine that was kept in the old pantry just off the kitchen. She found herself watching the phone, *willing* it to ring. It was mute.

It did not ring the next day nor the next. Friday night, when the children were in bed, Joanna sat with her mending at the kitchen table. It hadn't taken long for the family to get down to rock bottom. There was only a little coal left in the shed. Young David's feet were almost on the ground. The cupboards were alarmingly bare. Joanna stared at the sack of beans that still stood beside the kitchen door by the range. She thought wearily, when the idea came I was sure it was an answer . . . . I thought a miracle had happened—that I was being shown a way . . . . Imagination, I guess. She put her head down on the table, rocked her forehead on her arms, fear and misery a nausea within her.

THE phone rang. Joanna lifted her head and stared at it a moment. Then she rose listlessly and went to it. "Hello?"

"Mrs. Niels?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Niels, this is Betty Sharp from the freight account office. Remember? You came up here last Tuesday."

Joanna felt the thunder of her heart through her whole body. "Yes, I remember."

"Well, the girls told me to call you back and give you this order. I forgot about it completely until tonight. Let me see . . . ." The girl was evidently sorting lists. "Altogether there will be ten loaves of the white bread, twenty-one of the Boston-brown bread, and twenty-five quarts of the beans, oh, and Mrs. Niels?"

"Yes." Joanna fought to keep the tears from her voice.

"Could you make a birthday cake for me . . . . a special one . . . . I . . . . I want some window dressing for a young man I know . . . ."

"I . . . . I'd love to make a cake for you," Joanna said.

"Mrs. Niels? You're crying. Is something wrong?"

"No. No. Everything is right beautiful."

Still with the tears pouring down her cheeks, Joanna slipped David's gray sweater over her shoulders and ran to tell Abigail.

Abigail had been brushing her hair, preparing for the night. But when Joanna told her, she braided it swiftly and pinned it in a roll. Tears slipped down her plump cheeks. "Joanna! Isn't it simply wonderful? Oh, I'm that happy, I could just cry. Twenty loaves of brown bread!" She rose. "Well, we'd best get started."

Her husband, reading the paper by the round dining-room table, raised his head. He put down the paper. "'Twont last . . . . Just a fad. Don't count on it none."

Abigail flicked her shawl at him. "Fiddledeedee, Henry! It's going over just fine. You watch."

He shook his graying head; his eyes surveyed them sadly over his steel-rimmed glasses. "You watch. Folks start out with a bang, but it never amounts to nothin'; pretty soon they're down with the rest of us, content to let well enough alone."

"I won't give up," Joanna cried. "I won't. I'll never leave life alone until it gives me what I want for my children!"

"You'll learn," he said sadly.

Joanna and Abigail ran across the lawn that separated their homes, into the warm, cheerful kitchen.

Abigail took off her shawl. "I declare, you are the neatest person. Your house is always pin-clean."

Joanna ran to the drawer that held pencil and paper. "Thirty loaves at fifteen cents a loaf . . . . that's four-fifty."

"But you have to consider the flour and milk . . . ." Abigail pulled her chair closer to Joanna's. ". . . . Course you could use water . . . . lots o' women do."

"No," said Joanna. "That's why I'm charging so much, because the ingredients are just right . . . . like I'd make for my own."

SEVENTEEN dollars! Even when Joanna held the money in her hands she couldn't believe it. She

had orders for another Saturday . . . . and could she make a casserole dish of chicken and trimmings for an anniversary supper?

Joanna drifted down to the car where Abigail waited. "I can pay you for the gas and the oil."

"Better keep it until next week. You never can tell. But I forgot, that young man down the street brought over another sack of beans."

"I'm not at all surprised," said Joanna softly.

The following Sunday was fast day. Joanna pressed the navy blue and mended David's trousers again and took her children to Sunday School. She watched Penny walking ahead of her, holding Sally's hand. Penny's arms and legs were thinner, and there was a new quietness about her, something protective in the way she listened to Sally's prattling.

It had been hardest of all on Penny. I'm so busy I can't talk to her the way Big David did, Joanna thought, or tease her out of her quietness, keep her from brooding —so much to do, and so little time.

They tiptoed inside the chapel doors. In the little hallway two men were taking offerings and tithes. Joanna opened her purse and took a dollar out of it. She put it and two dimes and a fifty-cent piece on the table. "Joanna Niels," she said.

"Thank you," the man gave her the receipt.

They held fast-day meeting almost directly after Sunday School. Joanna sat on one of the benches at the back. Michael and Sally sat on either side of her, holding their heads proudly. Penny smoothed her starched, blue cotton dress, her thin fingers ran lightly over the patched place in the skirt. Joanna wondered why it should hurt her so to have Penny shabbily dressed. Fiercely, she hungered to give her daughter beauty of every kind. Penny lifted her face and smiled at her mother. Her eyes were darkly brown, like Big David's had been; her face was a delicate triangle, the rich dark hair hung around it like a cloud. "Aren't the flowers beautiful, angel-painted?"

The fast-day services began. Humbly, Joanna and her little brood bowed their heads for the prayer and the sacrament. Wide-eyed they watched the babies brought forward and blessed, the older children confirmed. Then came the time for testimonies. Joanna kept her eyes on her clasped hands, while one after another rose, and told of their faith and their blessings.

Perspiration sprang to the palms of her hands and her heart pounded furiously. She tried to push away the urging within her. She had never spoken before more than three people at once in her life. A testimony like mine, she thought, is such a small thing. Surely it won't be needed. Yet suddenly she was on her feet, supporting her shaking body by her two hands leaning hard on the varnished bench before her. ". . . . My dear brothers and sisters . . . ." She swallowed, but her throat would not open . . . . "My dear brothers and sisters . . . ." She was aware of the bishop smiling his encouragement, of Mrs. Anderson in a new blue hat, of Abigail's stunned face.

". . . . I came today to bear my

(*Continued on page 214*)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1948, page 274.

RELIEF SOCIETY SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Vera Y. Allen

PIONEER STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), STAKE AND WARD OFFICERS WHO DIRECTED THE RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING FUND PROJECT

Front row, seated, left to right, Pioneer Stake officers: First Counselor Julia Barg; President Vera Y. Allen; Secretary-Treasurer Evelyn C. Phelps; Second Counselor Hulda Ashby.

Back row, standing, left to right: Annie Theyne, stake board member from the Twenty-fifth Ward who stood in place of Ruth Sutton, ward Relief Society president; Winona Sessions, President, Twenty-sixth Ward Relief Society; Cora Newbold, Thirty-second Ward; Gertrude Bischoff, Cannon Ward; Thelma Drecksel, Edison Ward; Ardella Davey, Jordan Park Ward; Birdie Gibson, Poplar Grove Ward; Lavell Smith, Riverview Ward.

Stake Secretary Evelyn C. Phelps reports the successful efforts of the women of this stake in collecting the Building Fund against adverse conditions: "They knew that the call to raise the funds was truly a worthwhile endeavor. This thought, along with the knowledge that each Relief Society sister of her own free will could have a part in the project, no matter how large or how small, that she might be that one part that would complete the project . . . . thereby fulfilling the desire of the organization to remain independent and stand on its own feet, so to speak, spurred the members of the society to 'put their shoulders to the wheel.' . . . They are remembering the blessings which they know come from honest sacrifice and they are not forgetting the part the Priesthood, as well as non-members, played in this endeavor."

Photograph submitted by Marie E. DeSpain

SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SOUTHGATE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: Second Counselor Amelia Dellenback; President Cula Magnusson; First Counselor Ada Jacobson.

These sisters have devotedly conducted the activities of their ward to successful completion of many fine projects, including an exceptionally high percentage of *Magazine* subscriptions (185% for 1947), with Marie E. DeSpain as *Magazine* representative.

The ward officers shown in the photograph are all mothers of missionaries now in the field. President Magnusson has two sons now on missions, one in Canada and the other in Tahiti.

Rose B. Astle is president of South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Marion D. Clegg

WASATCH STAKE (UTAH), HEBER CITY THIRD WARD PAYS TRIBUTE TO VISITING TEACHERS, December 15, 1948

Seated, left to right: Bessie Hicken; Violet Rasband; Elizabeth Wootton; Sarah Carroll; Margaret Callister.

Standing, left to right: Sarah Kendall; Sadie Clegg; Maybell Sizemore; Mae Calderwood; La Preale Winterrose; Margaret Pierce; Agnes Wallace; Theola Swain.

Marion D. Clegg, Second Counselor, in Wasatch Stake Relief Society, reports an unusual record in visiting teaching: "The Heber Third Ward Relief Society honored their visiting teachers and one of their past presidents, Elizabeth Wootton, who has served as a visiting teacher for sixty years, at a party December 15th. For the past thirty years this ward has maintained the 100 per cent visiting teaching record established by Sister Wootton when she served as counselor and later as president in the

ward for ten years. Sister Wootton is now eighty-two years old, and was released with well-earned tributes. Her teaching has taken her into almost every home in the ward. The women in the photograph all completed a 100 per cent visiting teaching record for 1948."

Violet Olpin is president of Wasatch Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by May W. Andrus

NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE, IDAHO FALLS FOURTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS AND OFFICERS WHO HAVE MAINTAINED A 100 PER CENT VISITING TEACHING RECORD FOR FORTY YEARS

Officers in the photograph are: Secretary Helen Hale, standing at the left in the third row; standing in the fourth row, beginning fifth from the left: teacher's topic leader, Veda Howard; First Counselor in the stake Relief Society presidency and visiting teacher Annie Nielsen; Second Counselor in the ward, Pearl Jordan; President Hazel Wright; First Counselor Ruth Hart.

May W. Andrus, President, North Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, reports an unusual record for her stake in the visiting teaching program: "The percentage of districts visited in 1946 was 82 per cent; in 1947 it was 92 per cent; and in 1948 all the districts in the stake were visited each month, excepting two districts for one month—which happened between organizations in one of the wards. Our aim this year—1949—is to improve our methods of teaching and to increase the attendance record at the topic and report meetings, along with a visit each month to each district."

Photograph submitted by Thomas C. Bell

CENTRAL ATLANTIC STATES MISSION, VIRGINIA WEST DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: Second Counselor Eula Ruth Angel; President Mamie Johnson; First Counselor Viola Snow. Secretary Buela Riley was absent when this photograph was taken.

Under the direction of this presidency, a large portion of the new Roanoke building fund was raised by Relief Society organizations throughout the district.

Mabel A. Price is president of the Central Atlantic States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Margaret Gibson

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, WILLOWS BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY NEW ORGANIZATION SPONSORS SUCCESSFUL PROJECTS

Front row, left to right: President Margaret Gibson; First Counselor Una Jensen; Second Counselor Martha Nelson; Secretary Sylpha Hofmann.

Back row, left to right: Violet Jensen, missionary; Elsa Graham.

President Gibson reports that immediately following the organization of this small branch the sisters began their work: "With the help of the *Magazine* and some of our fine books (*Essentials of Church History*, etc.), we did the best we could. For our work meeting we started a Relief Society hope chest. Each of us bought materials and made articles to gradually fill our chest and ready it for the bazaar. Then to our very good fortune Sister Violet Jensen, the missionary, was sent here. She really knew Relief Society work and taught us and guided us. She also made many lovely things for our hope chest. With the help of Sister Graham's husband, who acted as auctioneer, we made $155 at our bazaar. Last spring, in three and a half months, we quilted five quilts."

Mary S. Ellsworth is president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society.

NORTHERN STATES MISSION, SHEBOYGAN (WISCONSIN) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY'S FIRST QUILT

Seated, front: Barbara J. Hilderbrand, Secretary-Treasurer.

Standing, left to right: Rosalind J. Henneman, President; Betty L. Morrell, Second Counselor; Betty B. Ruge, First Counselor.

Elna P. Haymond, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society, reports that this small branch is one of the bright spots of the mission. They have conducted a full program and have met all requests made of them. They are thrilled with the fact that though they are far removed from any other branch or group they still can call themselves Relief Society sisters. The members are all young mothers who rejoice in having the spirit of the gospel in their homes. Visitors are encouraged to attend the group meetings and participate in the work of Relief Society and in its spiritual uplift and inspiration.

Photograph submitted by Elna P. Haymond

Photograph submitted by Gladys Johnson

NORTH SEVIER STAKE (UTAH), SALINA FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Left to right: Millie Martin (1945-); Amanda Murphy (1942-45); Dey Rasmussen (1932-1942); Sarah Ann Stevens (1932), released because of illness; Roxanna Crane (1912-1932).

Bernice Mickelsen is president of North Sevier Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lula P. Child

WESTERN STATES MISSION, ALBUQUERQUE (NEW MEXICO) BRANCH EXHIBIT OF RELIEF SOCIETY SEWING WHICH WON SEVERAL PRIZES AT THE NEW MEXICO STATE FAIR

Left to right: Ruby Surface; Carolyn Surface; Second Counselor Myrtle Davis; President Carrie A. Laney; Sister Hastings; First Counselor Mina Bowman.

The Albuquerque Branch Relief Society entered 14 articles in the New Mexico State Fair and won eleven prizes: 5 first prizes, 3 second prizes, and 3 third prizes. The articles made in the sewing classes were first displayed in the window of an Albuquerque department store, then exhibited at the bazaar, and finally entered in the State Fair exhibits.

Lula P. Child is president of Western States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Marie Moody

DESERET STAKE (UTAH), DESERET WARD, SEVEN RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Seven of the twelve presidents who have served since the organization of the ward in 1877, appear in the photograph.

Front row, left to right: Grace Warnick (1917-1918); Mary A. Western (1918-1929); Ellen Cropper (1935-1938).

Back row, left to right: Myrtle B. Western (1946 -); Mollie Dewsnup (1938-1944); Zada Dewsnup (1944-1946; Moneta Baker (1934-1935).

Marie T. Moody is president of Deseret Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Venice O. Larsen

WASHINGTON STAKE, GREENBELT BRANCH (MARYLAND) RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 17, 1948

Left to right: Bernele Hale; Madge Mitchell; Joan Blatter; President Venice O. Larsen; JaVenta Lewis; Irma Stuart; Second Counselor Nelda Anderson.

Gwendolyn T. Gwynn is president of Washington Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Beatrice Thomson

NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, ANCHORAGE (ALASKA) BRANCH ASSEMBLED FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE
November 14, 1948

Front row, left to right: Bonnie Miller; Alta S. Easton; Helen Dunyon; First Counselor Beatrice Thomson; President Lucille Eberhart; Second Counselor Virginia Albrecht; Secretary-Treasurer Florence Nayer; Maree McDonald; Madeline Skousen.

Second row, left to right: Sue Williams; LaPreal Sands; Doris Bisel; Shari Nixon; Gerry Meyers; LaVaun Taylor.

Third row, left to right: Barbara Stephens; Clara Easton; Cora McCarrey; Mary Ellen Rasmussen; Lois Reider; Lena Morrison; Edna Easton; Theresa L. Reid.

Sister Thomson expresses appreciation for Relief Society in a recent letter from this northern outpost: "It is such a wonderful feeling to be able to participate in Relief Society work up here in Anchorage. It makes all of the sisters here feel much closer to each other."

Georgina F. Richards is president of the Northwestern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Alice De Mordaunt

BLACKFOOT STAKE (IDAHO), BLACKFOOT THIRD WARD BAZAAR
November 12, 1948

Left to right: Second Counselor Christine Larson; President Celia E. Merrell; Estella Jones and Rose James, work meeting leaders.

This bazaar was outstanding for the unusually large number of beautiful quilts displayed. Many of the patterns used were unique in design and required much fine handwork.

Alice DeMordaunt is president of Blackfoot Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Elva Swensen

YELLOWSTONE STAKE (IDAHO), WILFORD WARD VISITING TEACHERS DISPLAY WELFARE QUILTS, June 25, 1948

Left to right: Vivian Rinehart; Alba Romrell; Clairessa Brown; Annie Hansen; Annie Reese; Herksel Hobbs; LaPreal Bauer; Flossie Singleton; Afton Birch; Edna Dayton; Caroline Stewart; Rosie Birch; Bessie Birch; Florence Bauer.

Five of the visiting teachers were not present when this photograph was taken.

In the Wilford Ward there are nine visiting teaching districts and each district made a very pretty quilt. For two and a half years there has been 100 per cent visiting teaching in this ward. Some of the teachers have made perfect records for many years.

Ward Relief Society officers are: President Lilla Romrell; First Counselor Pearl Hansen; Second Counselor Hilda Fowler; Secretary Erma Meservy.

Elva Swensen is president of Yellowstone Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ilene Webb

WEST UTAH STAKE, RIVERGROVE WARD HANDWORK EXHIBITS AT SUCCESSFUL BAZAAR

Standing, left to right: First Counselor Lela Roper; President Ilene Webb; Secretary-Treasurer Fern Briggs; Second Counselor Edna Johnson.

The photograph shows only part of the many excellent displays at this bazaar. The quilts were unusually beautiful and well-made and the hand embroidery and crocheted articles provided a wide selection of Christmas gifts. The proceeds from the bazaar will be used to provide furnishings for the Relief Society room in the new chapel, when the building is completed.

Photograph submitted by Mary Stewart

AUSTRALIAN MISSION, BANKSTOWN BRANCH BAZAAR
October 30, 1948

Left to right: Second Counselor Helen C. Harker; President Mary Stewart; Secretary-Treasurer Marjorie Livingston; First Counselor Eva Orrock.

The photograph shows only one of the many attractive and beautifully arranged booths of this bazaar. Other displays included novelties, toys, sweets, cakes, flowers, vegetables, and refreshment stalls where salads, ice cream, and other treats were served.

Blanche K. Richmond is president of the Australian Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Anona C. Heaps

ST. JOHNS STAKE (ARIZONA), ST. JOHNS WARD BAZAAR
Spring 1948

Left to right: Second Counselor Verniece Wilkins; President Etta Heaps; First Counselor Ellen Davis; Secretary-Treasurer Ethel Mangum.

Unusually beautiful crochet and embroidery work was displayed and sold at this bazaar, as well as aprons, children's clothing, and large, well-made quilts. Other activities of this ward included an entertainment called "Around the World Trip" in which a different country was represented in the different homes in the ward and food characteristic of the country was served. The sisters also held pie and ice cream sales and sold box lunches at dances.

Anona C. Heaps is president of St. Johns Stake Relief Society.

The Spirit of the Gospel, the Soul of Relief Society

(*Continued from page 150*)

the kingdom of God. President George Albert Smith is God's chosen prophet on earth today. Relief Society was organized according to the law of heaven. It has a work to do in the building of God's kingdom on earth. May we, the sisters of Relief Society today, so live that we may do our part nobly and well is my earnest prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Miracle

Gene Romolo

They who see the ebon robe of night
Change to tenuous draperies of gray,
And eastern hill-crests come alive with light
To strew gold petals of another day,
Behold a miracle.

Spring Candlelight

Thelma Ireland

Crocuses peak through the snow
Unharmed by winter's sting.
They look like flaming candles
Lighted by an early spring.

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103	Easter Parade—Berlin	.20
9023	Empty Tomb—Hamblen	.20
6077	Hail the King—Patterson	.12
7394	King of Kings—Simper	.12
	Our Christ Has Risen—Connor	.20
6387	Open the Gates of the Temple—Knapp	.20
9646	There Is a Green Hill Far Away—Gounod	.18

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The House of Leaves

(Continued from page 163)

to remind himself that neither Dad nor Mother Henderson was aged or bedridden, that they were financially able to pay for the work they had come to think of as Anne's duty. If they should get sick, he and Anne would be close by—as also would be Josie, he thought savagely.

Coldly, he told himself, it was now or never. If they beat Anne down this time, she would never again have the courage to try while Dad and Mother lived. He could go on adding ten, fifteen, perhaps even twenty years to the five already gone by. Years of going back to lonely nights at Mrs. Nelson's where he'd roomed since his parents' death, of restaurant food ordered from a card and eaten alone; bleak, uneventful years, waiting, waiting and never arriving. He smiled wryly. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, then seven more. But not he.

He got up, put his chair carefully back into place, addressing himself to Anne.

"Let me know, Anne, what you decide. Anderson has another buyer for that lot. He's holding it for me until tomorrow morning."

Then, he turned to the others. "This whole town has been brought up on the Ellen and John tradition. Ever since I can remember, I've heard what a fine daughter she has proved herself, how loyal to her parents she has been, refusing to leave them and all that. And John! He's been an example of patience and steadfast love toward the girl of his choice. Well, mine is a different idea. Ellen didn't love John enough. If she had, she wouldn't have been

willing to sacrifice him to her parents as she did." Mark's lips felt dry. He moistened them with the tip of his tongue before continuing. "I think she was just a plain coward," he said.

The silence in the room was almost audible. Josie's face was an angry red, her parents' both held shocked bewilderment. He dare not look at Anne. All the coldness of a surgeon's knife was in his voice as he went on. "Now, I'm asking what kind of parents would expect or accept such a sacrifice? The animals, the birds, do better. They prepare their young for life, then turn them loose."

JOSIE laughed, an unpleasant sound. She stood up, and smoothed down her skirt decisively. "He's insulted you, Anne. Are you letting him insult Dad and Mother, too?"

Mark turned his head to look at Anne, then. The sunlight had gone from the window. Her face looked drawn and dull against the fading light, her eyes were turned away. Probably, he'd gone too far, probably she'd never forgive him, he thought. But he had to finish. It was important that he finish.

"John Barclay was my boyhood hero. I wanted to be just like him. But that was then, not now. Now, I want to have a wife and home while we're young enough for us to enjoy each other. I want us to have our own children, not wait until we're so old we have to adopt other people's."

He buttoned his coat and reached for his hat, smoothing down his short, black hair. "You've had your chance at life," he said plead-

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ingly, "all three of you. Let Anne and me have ours."

He opened the door and turned back to look at Anne. She seemed not to have stirred. "Let me know, Anne," he said, and went out, off the porch and down the walk, hearing Josie's laugh, loud and confident.

Well, he'd done what he could, he'd said what he had to. And now—? He stood for a moment looking about him in a dazed fashion. Josie's high, light voice was going on intermittently, but he could distinguish no words.

He kicked aimlessly at the fallen leaves and laughed wryly, remembering the house of leaves that he and Anne had built. And who, he asked himself, had been the big, bad wolf who'd puffed and huffed, and huffed and puffed until the house was down before ever it was built. He'd insulted Anne, called her a coward who'd rather sacrifice him than stand up against her family. Worse, he'd insulted her parents. And that would be harder for Anne to forgive than the other.

He moved to the curb, fingering the key in his pocket absently. Was it only an hour ago that he and Anne were planning so confidently? Already, the picture of what it meant was fading into the oblivion of lost things—Anne, marriage, children—but at first, only the two of them alone. A gust of wind struck him. He shivered. Cold for October, he thought. Summer was ended, as all bright things end.

He looked back toward the house, at the cold, final stare of the windows, the closed door; gave a furious kick at his front tire and climbed into the car.

He ground on the starter, waiting for the hum of the motor. His hand was on the brake when he heard her voice, "Mark, Mark," followed by a commanding, "Anne, come back here."

Josie was on the porch and Anne was flying down the walk, her auburn hair tumbling in the wind. "Wait, Mark, wait!"

He opened the door and she slipped quickly in beside him. "Drive on," she said, "back to our leaf house, Mark, won't you?"

They parked the car and walked through the dusk to where the leaf house lay, its trim lines somewhat windblown, but still intact.

"It isn't really blown away. See?" he gestured. "I was afraid."

Anne shook her head, her lips trembling. Mark reached penitent arms toward her. "Can you forgive me, Anne?"

She drew away from him, self-accusingly. "But you were right. I am a coward, I've always been one. Afraid of Josie, afraid of not measuring up to Ellen Carson, afraid of hurting Mother and Dad . . . . But not afraid of hurting you, Mark. Oh, no, you were patient, you'd stand for it."

She pulled away sharply. "I should think you'd hate me."

He looked down at the small face with its wide, gray eyes, and tenderly pushed back a lock of bright hair from her forehead. "Hate you, sweet?" he asked wonderingly. "How could I"?

Suddenly, she was in his arms again, and he was speaking words in her ear. He had said them many times in the five years, but tonight there was a new assurance in them, a new conviction. This time, he exulted, this time it *will* be, knowing, at last, beyond all certainty that there were things—blessed things which might be even better for the waiting.

Professional and Social Stationery

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Compromise

(*Continued from page 154*)

moment she watched, confused and uncertain, and then her mother's words came back to her, "They don't have the same ideologies—we've got to make them like us—we've got to go halfway."

Connie walked thoughtfully down the hall. At the door she paused and looked back at the gaily lighted room. Quietly she opened the door and ran out into the spring night where her friends were waiting for her.

Joanna

(*Continued from page 199*)

testimony . . . ." The words slipped out, crippled and blurred by the paralysis of her tongue and throat ". . . . I know. . . .that God lives . . . . and that he hears and answers prayers. I was alone and afraid . . . . and he comforted me. I had no place to turn . . . ." Suddenly the fear went away in the terrible need to explain the miracle. "He brought a way of making a living to my very door . . . .If I . . . ." She stood straight and tall. "If I were to serve him all the days of my life, I could not repay in any way all that he has done for me and my family." She looked into the upturned faces. "I had to tell you. I know that he lives and that his kindness is beyond our understanding." She sat down.

David and Sally stared at her through round, awed eyes, but Penny put Michael on the other side of her and sat close against her mother. She put her head on Joanna's shoulder. "You were so beautiful, Mommy. So beautiful."

Joanna caught Penny's hand in her own, her heart too full for speech.

(*To be continued*)

We Are So Busy

(*Continued from page 180*)

He greeted me in his friendly way, and I asked him about his wife. A shadow crossed his face and he looked suddenly tired and old.

"Lucille went home on Monday," he said. "Her mother had an emergency operation and isn't expected to live. I hated to have her go alone. School will be out Friday. I could have gone with her then. But of course she had to go. Going in a plane isn't difficult and someone will meet her, but it is the first trip she's taken alone since—you see Lucille is blind."

"Blind?" I gasped in astonishment. "But—but, I didn't dream it," I stumbled. "She doesn't look blind. She doesn't seem blind."

"No, you can't tell it by her eyes, and she has a lot of pride and tries to be independent. But sometimes she gets so lonesome and it's difficult. She led such an active life before.

I didn't dare ask him what had happened and he didn't say. How long I sat in the gathering darkness miserable and dumbfounded I don't know. I could understand now why she used to sit without doing anything day after day; why she hadn't come to club to learn stencil painting; why she hadn't waved to me. How many lonely hours I might have saved her if I had known, but it was too late now she had gone home. If I had just found time to have gone to the organ recital with her I would have known, but we are always so busy, so very, very busy.

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From Near and Far

Blanche Sutherland, Pasadena, California, author of "House of Leaves," is a busy young mother who has this to say of herself: "I have been writing for publication for about ten years, but long before that I served my apprenticeship in writing stories and plays for my Sunday School boys and girls. I have had many poems and several stories published, and two comedies and one serious play of mine have been produced by adult groups. My most serious difficulty is in finding time to write."

Sylvia Probst Young, author of "We Are So Busy," loves to write. She says: "Ever since I went to the elementary school back home in Midway (Wasatch County, Utah), a pencil has been my favorite tool. It has been a real thrill to have my poetry published in the Church magazines and the local papers. Especially I was thrilled to have poems in *Utah Sings*, in the Relief Society Anthology, and in a national anthology. This story, however, is my biggest thrill—my first adult story. Before my marriage I taught school and was a missionary in California. My life at present is so woven around domesticity I get little time for anything else. Our family is quite a gang—my husband, a sister, and three very busy little boys. But the writing urge persists and whenever possible I'm at the typewriter." Mrs. Young lives in Midvale, Utah.

"I'd just like to mention that I think the poem "January Snow" (1949) by Eva Willes Wangsgaard is one of the most beautiful I have ever read. Thanks for the many moments of pleasure and profit I have had reading your *Magazine*.

—Josephine Pruett, Winslow, Arizona

May I say how gratified I was with the appearance of my story "Sudden Storm" (September 1948), and how very much I enjoyed and appreciated Mabel Jones Gabbott's beautiful poem "Between Friends," which appeared at the end of my story. I shall always thank *The Relief Society Magazine* for giving me the encouragement necessary to continue with this "harmless pastime."

—Carol Read Flake, Boise, Idaho

I appreciate having *The Relief Society Magazine* every month. I pass it on to the Relief Society president who in turn gives it to the investigators. I have heard many of the ladies express their thoughts on the fine material which the *Magazine* contains. We can give out a *Relief Society Magazine* where we wouldn't be able to pass out a tract. The material published in the *Magazine* helps to attract women to Mormonism. May the Lord continue to bless you in your efforts.

—Elder J. William Grant, Glasgow, Scotland

Yes, I'm married, happy, too. Yet Sister Mitchell and I have one perpetual obstacle to tranquility, e.g. *The Relief Society Magazine*. Being head of the family, it has long been considered ethical that I receive the mail and browse through it, select the piece most important to myself and then consign the remainder to her for reading. This hoary old system runs smoothly in our home except the day *The Relief Society Magazine* arrives. Yesterday P.M. her January number arrived. She received the mail, placed all except the R.S.M. on my desk, cosied herself into her chair with it and "froze" there. That accounts for supper being late, rehashed, and meager. Do you suppose the general board will allow me a personal subscription for 1949 payable in ninety days, or might it be better worked through our great Church Welfare Plan? . . . After reading this letter to Sister Mitchell she has come through, as she generally does, with a way out . . . . She retrieves from her purse and gives to me $1.50 proposing I order my own 1949 issues of the *Magazine*, so here it is and I await my own subscription.

—Bert C. Mitchell, Salem, Oregon

I do appreciate the *Magazine*, and hope never to be without it.

—Mrs. Etta H. Moffett, Farmington, New Mexico

I want to tell you how glad I am to get your nice, beautiful *Magazine*. Now I am signed up to 1950 and I need it to make me happy.

—Hyrum W. Stevens, Moab, Utah

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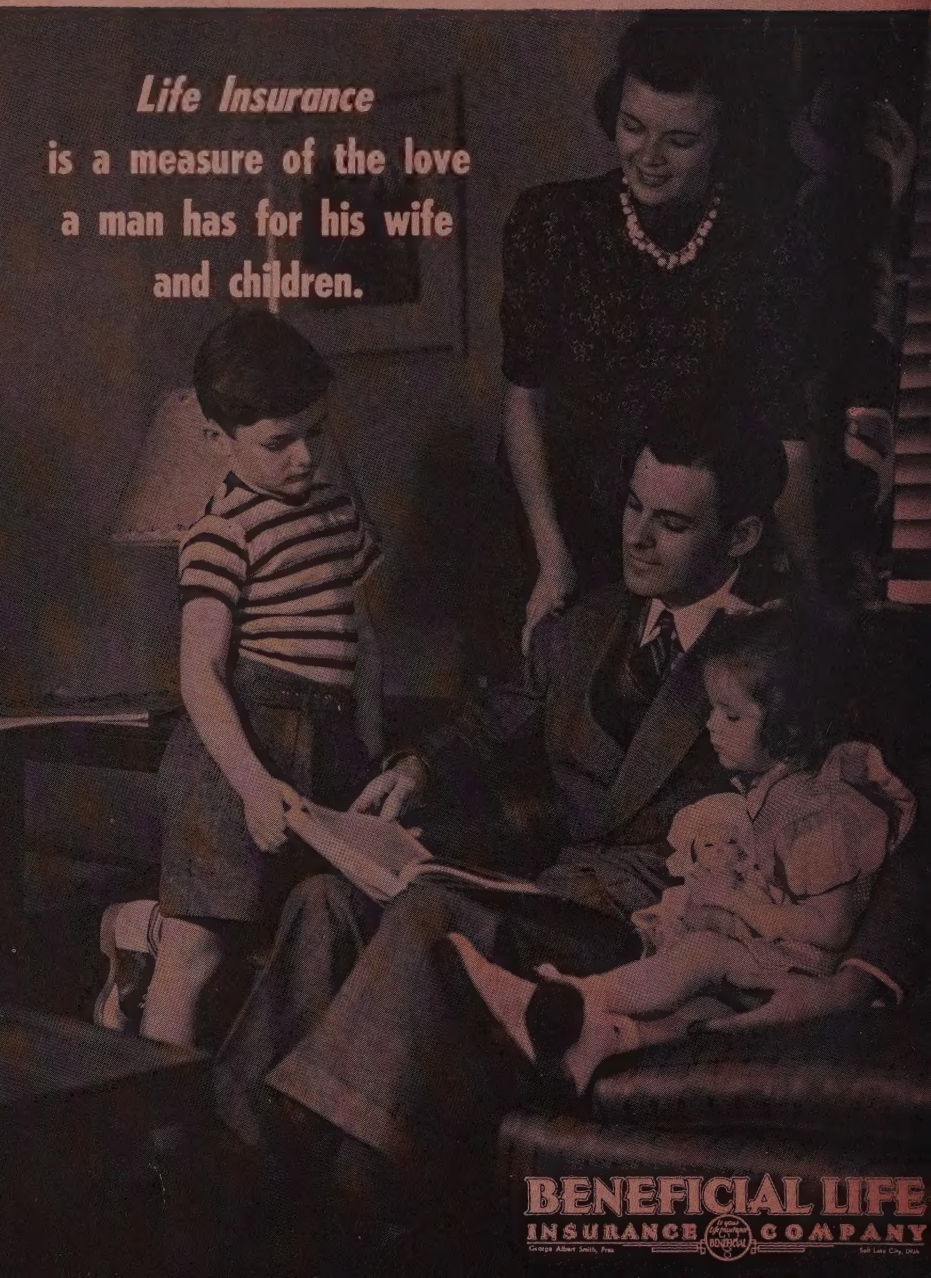
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